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FENIANISM.

THE accounts which reach this country of the spread of Fenianism in Ireland are causing a certain amount of uneasiness—more for the sake of the Irish themselves than for our own. Ireland, it is true, passed through the repeal agitation of O'Connell's time, and through the agitation in favour of national independence which exploded in Smith O'Brien's cabbage-garden insurrection; and it may no doubt pass through Fenianism, whatever Fenianism in its ultimate development happens to mean, without suffering any very great injury and without inflicting any injury at all on England. But it is a great pity that so many Irishmen should waste their time in drilling, (especially as the drilling is illegal; and it is a pity, far greater, that the grievances of Ireland are not fairly laid by Ireland's representatives before the British Parliament. Let us know what the Irish people want, and now, as in O'Connell's days, there are plenty of English Liberals, who, as far as the demands made are really practicable, would join in advocating them.

Unfortunately, and unhappily, there is one Irish grievance which, we fancy, is at the bottom of nearly all the disaffection that prevails in Ireland, and which, for many years to come at least, is not likely to be removed. We mean, of course, the existence of the Church Establishment. There are two arguments in favour of maintaining this institution. First, it is

said that the proprietors of land in Ireland are, for the most part, Protestant; and that, consequently, there can be no injustice in taxing the land for the support of a Protestant Church. This is the argument of a lawyer, not of a statesman. Wherever the revenues of the Church Establishment come from, the fact remains that the dominant Church in Ireland is the Church of a small minority, and that the position in which it is placed is felt as an injustice by the great bulk of the Irish population. The truth is, the existence of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland as a State Church is a sign of conquest; and to remind the Irish that their landowners are for the most part Protestants is only to remind them that conquest was followed by confiscation. If we had conquered Scotland, what is now called "the United Church of England and Ireland" would be "the United Church of England, Ireland, and Scotland;" and there would, no doubt, be plenty of ingenious reasoners ready to show that nothing could be more natural than the existence of an official Episcopal Church in a Presbyterian country. But the Scotch knew how to defend themselves and their faith; and no one pretends now that the political union between Scotland and England is any the weaker because the two countries are not also bound together by a uniform official religion.

We suppose no one would think of denying for a moment that the first effect of abolishing the Irish Church Establish-

ment would be to conciliate the whole body of the Irish Catholics. But after a time the Catholic Church, it is said, would become too powerful for us in Ireland, and would oppress our Protestant fellow-subjects. How it would oppress them is not very clear. It might seek to convert them; but this is the course we have been pursuing towards the Catholics ever since the Establishment was introduced. In the last century we caused a certain number of conversions by means of the infamous law which disinherited Catholic elder sons in favour of younger sons embracing Protestantism; but of late Protestantism has made very little progress in Ireland. Considering the intense bigotry of the Orangemen, we do not understand how any large number of that party can be expected to go over to Rome; but conversions from Protestantism to Catholicism cannot be rendered impossible unless our Government imitates that of Russia and renders it penal to abandon the State religion. At the present moment the Catholic Church in Ireland, under a Protestant Government, is perfectly free—which is not the case in Catholic Italy or even in Catholic Austria; for even in Austria vacant sees cannot be filled up unless the Bishops appointed by the Pope are approved of by the Government, whereas in Ireland and throughout the British dominions the Government does not in any manner interfere with the nominations from Rome. So that, if the Protestant Establishment were



THE FRENCH FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH: WAITING ON SOUTHEAST-COMMON FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE SQUADRON.

abolished, the organisation of the Catholic Church in Ireland would only remain what it is now. It would not be more powerful, for it is already as powerful as it can make itself; while the Catholic population would be less formidable, because it would no longer be irritated by a sense of injustice. No one proposes that the Church property of the Establishment should be given to the Catholics, but simply that it should be secularised and devoted (for example) to educational purposes. This will not be done. At least, Parliament, as now constituted, will never consent to such a measure; not merely because it would be considered bad policy in respect to Ireland to do so, but also because it is anticipated that the fall of the Church Establishment in Ireland would be followed in time by its abolition in England also. This reason, however, is seldom urged. Indeed, it is manifestly too absurd, or, rather, too unjust, to argue that the Church of a small minority should be upheld in Ireland in order to avert the possibility of an attack being made, at some distant and problematic period, on the Church of the majority in England. An exaggerated regard for the rights of property (which certainly did not trouble the English Government very much when the Irish Establishment was first formed), and a fear lest the cessation of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland should prove the commencement of a powerful anti-Protestant and anti-English movement on the part of the Roman Catholics—these are the ordinary reasons for which it is maintained that what is jocosely called the Church of Ireland should still be kept up as a State establishment.

Unfortunately for Ireland, her own representatives have very little to say on this, or, indeed, on any question in which important Irish interests are involved. It is even asserted by the journals of the Conservative party that the numerous Irish members who vote on the Conservative side, are by no means opposed to the Irish Establishment. The policy of Irish members is so difficult to understand that we will not waste time in inquiring why any of them, not being Protestants, vote on the Conservative side at all. We find, however, in practice, that the same Irish member who will go further in support of the Papal government than at least one half of the Pope's own subjects, will, in the British House of Commons, take part with those who hold that, in Ireland, it is necessary, above all things, to support the ascendancy of the small Protestant minority.

Probably there is not much in Fenianism, after all; but we suppose, in any case, that it must have its origin in discontent of some kind; and it would be as well to know in what this discontent consists, and whether there is any practical remedy for it. Perhaps next Session the Irish members will be able to tell us something about it. If not, some Englishman ought to try and master the subject.

THE FRENCH FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH.

WE resume this week our account of the visit of the French fleet to Portsmouth, which the exigencies of printing compelled us, in our last Number, to discontinue at an early stage of the proceedings.

WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE FLEET.

Spite of a clouded sky and a falling barometer on the night of Monday, the 28th ult., the morning of Tuesday, the 29th, broke fair and clear. The sky was certainly not cloudless, nor was the horizon free from mist; but, on comparison with the weather which we had been led to expect, there was, on the whole, ground for self-congratulation. A rumour was circulated on Monday evening that the French fleet had arrived off the Isle of Wight, and that its entrance to Spithead would consequently take place at an early hour on Tuesday morning. The report must not only have been widely disseminated, but have gained universal credence, for before eight o'clock the long stretch of beach which marks the border of Southsea-common, and which is known as the Clarence-esplanade, was lined with people anxiously striving to peer through the heavy fog which shut out the view of the distant Channel. The scene here is depicted in the Engraving on our front page.

The entire port, it is unnecessary to say, was in holiday attire. Bunting was easily procurable, and certainly the opportunity was turned to good account. From the roofs of houses, from windows, from extemporised masts—in fact, from everything to which a rope could be attached—flags of every colour and of every shade gaily fluttered in the breeze. The pier at Southsea was showily, if not very tastefully, decorated; and a notification had been posted up to the effect that our guests would, during their stay, be considered exempt from the customary toll.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FLEET.

We have already, on page 131 of our last week's Number, published a detailed account of the arrival of the French squadron and of its reception on entering the harbour. This incident forms the subject of the large Engraving on pages 152 and 153. The other principal events of the week's fêtes were

THE GRAND BANQUET TO THE FRENCH MINISTER OF MARINE.

More splendid than the dinner on board the Duke of Wellington, because given on a grander scale, was the banquet at which the Admiralty entertained the officers of the French fleet on the evening of Wednesday week. The spacious tent in which it was served stands in one of the quadrangles of the college, and is reached through the entrance-hall of the college itself, a substantial and rather handsome building. The approach to this building from the dockyard is about a quarter of a mile in length, and along each side of it poles were erected, from the loops connecting which hundreds of Chinese lanterns, shedding lights of various hues, were displayed. On the plot of green sward in front of the college, whose ordinary decoration consists simply of a few beds containing shrubs and evergreens, innumerable small oil lamps, hung on fine thread, running round and round again from slender rods, so as to take in the whole surface of the sward, twinkled brightly within a foot or two from the ground. Similar lights, similarly placed, glittered also all over the surface of the larger piece of green sward which lies a little further from the college on the left of the approach to it, and were surmounted by a coronet of lights encircling the statue which stands in its centre. Over the entrance-porch of the building was an illuminated circle, in the middle of which the flags of England and France were represented twined together and topped by a crown. On each side of it were two brilliant stars, with a somewhat similar device. The steps leading to the hall were covered with crimson cloth, which extended all the way to the banquetting-room and down its centre. The tent-like roof of the room, which at its apex is 36 ft. from the ground, as well as its walls, were covered with fine calico, broadly striped with red, white, and blue. On the outside, three coverings of canvas and waterproof cloth rendered the tent impervious to rain. The lighting up of the interior with wax candles—the arrangements for which had been entrusted to Messrs. Tucker and Son, of the

Arundel Lampworks, London, and who had only seven days in which to pack, forward, and fit up the whole—was most brilliant and effective. From the roof were suspended twenty-five lustres—viz., five large ones from the centre ridge, with cut crystal, rose, and pomona green prisms, and spangles. On each side depended a row of ten smaller lustres, uniform in size and pattern. At the sides and ends were eighty-two five-light wall-candelabra and six-light bracket-chandeliers with cut-glass dishes (one of each alternately), and over the four cornices surmounting the entrances to the refreshment-saloons were placed a row of twenty-four wax-lights in front of panels of silvered glass. In front of the alcove erected for the Duke of Somerset and the French Minister of Marine, was hung an ornate candle-chandelier, distinct in design from all the others, and fitted with the same prismatically-cut shades. Flowers, and shrubs, and plants lent their beauty and their fragrance to a scene which, when 150 guests, almost everyone of whom was in full naval or military uniform, had assembled, was indescribably dazzling. The Duke of Somerset presided at the banquet, having on his right—the French and English guests being in alternate order—the French Minister of Marine, M. de Chasseloup-Laubat, Sir M. Seymour, Admiral Gueydon, Sir F. Grey, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, Admiral Sir L. Curtis, Admiral de la Roncière, Rear-Admiral Drummond, Admiral Saisset, Sir Sidney Dacres, the Amouner, and Mr. Childers. On the left of the Duke sat Admiral Bonet-Villaumez, Sir R. Buller, Admiral Page, Lord C. Paget, Admiral Paris, Sir F. Cochrane, Admiral Fabre, Rear-Admiral Eden, Admiral Pothuan, Admiral Wellesley, Dupuy de Lôme, and Mr. Romaine. The other guests included the chief officers of the allied fleets, Serjeant Gazelec (one of the members for Portsmouth), Mr. Whitworth, Sir C. Wyke, and the Russian Admiral Boutahoff. The banquet was admirably and sumptuously served; and when grace had been said,

The Duke of Somerset rose and spoke as follows:—

I am desirous, on behalf of the British Admiralty, to tender our sincere thanks to the Minister of Marine and the authorities in the harbours of Brest and Cherbourg for the kindness and hospitality with which they received us when we recently visited those ports. I may add that the pleasure which we derived from our visit to the French coast was greatly enhanced by the kind feeling which was shown towards us not only by the inhabitants of those towns, but by the great numbers of the French people by whom they were crowded during our stay. I rejoice in these international visits, because I feel the great advantage of a meeting of the officers of the two services. Hereafter when they meet, in whatever part of the world it may be, they will be able to look back with satisfaction to their visits to the harbours of Cherbourg and Portsmouth, which, I trust, will tend to strengthen these feelings of cordial friendship which subsist between the two Governments and the two nations. I am happy to avail myself of this opportunity to return our sincere thanks for the readiness with which the Admiral and officers of the French navy came to the aid of the sufferers on board the *Bombay* when that line-of-battle ship was destroyed by fire. The French officers and sailors supplied them with clothes, relieved their wants, and mitigated by every means in their power that great disaster. Such acts of charity and kindness must bind the two services together by the ties of friendship, and command the gratitude of the British nation. Animated by those feelings, I am confident that every Englishman is prepared to concur with me when I assure the officers of the French navy that we bid them a hearty welcome. Following the courteous example which was set us at Cherbourg, I beg to give you, as the first toast, the "Healths of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial."

The toast was drunk with marked enthusiasm, the whole of the company rising, as were the others by which it was succeeded.

M. de Chasseloup-Laubat proposed the health of her Majesty Queen Victoria in eloquent and cordial terms, paying a graceful tribute to the personal character of her Majesty, and expressing the profound satisfaction which the alliance of the two countries afforded the Emperor and the whole French nation.

Sir Michael Seymour then proposed a toast to the French navy, which was followed by a similar compliment from Admiral Bonet de Villaumez to the Navy of Great Britain. These were all the toasts drunk; and the company separated shortly after ten o'clock, the French and English officers to return to their ships through what was literally a sea of light; and the Minister of Marine, with his Staff, and the Lords of the Admiralty to their respective quarters in the harbour on board the *Reine Hortense* and the *Osborne*.

ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEETS.

Just as the health of her Majesty had been proposed by the French Minister a signal for the commencement of an illumination of the fleet was given by the discharge of a rocket from the Victory and the firing of one of her guns. One is liable to exaggerate the effect of scenes, however picturesque, made brilliant at night by a profusion of light, but no words could depict the surpassing brilliancy of the scene which followed instantaneously the last flicker of that rocket from the Victory. As if by magic, every ship in the allied fleets was illuminated. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the fleets, and as the echo of the last shot died away every ship in the two squadrons was so illuminated, by means of red, white, and blue lights placed in every port, at both broadsides, and both yardarms, that the object which only a few moments before looked, even at a short distance, so grim and shadowy, became at once transformed into a ship of light, revealing to view the outline of her slenderest spar. Rockets were then sent up in clusters from the whole of the fleet, which, as they burst in the heavens, expanded into bouquets of red, white, and blue, and then gradually melted away in the still air, but only to be followed at short intervals by other clusters of rockets bursting and descending in an equally brilliant shower. As the long lights only burn for a couple of minutes, three were lighted in succession in each port, and as each set of lights died away, and the illumination seemed to be coming to an end, the full blaze of its splendour was again restored with the same magical rapidity with which it was first created. When the three sets of long lights were nearly burnt out, a bouquet of twenty-four signal rockets was fired from each ship, and immediately after the fleet faded from the view of the thousands of spectators who lined the ramparts at Portsmouth, and all was again comparative obscurity at Spithead. The illumination lasted for about twenty minutes, throughout the whole of which time the *St. Vincent*, the Duke of Wellington, and the other men-of-war in the harbour displayed lights at every porthole, causing the gentle ripple on the waves to sparkle like diamonds. The town itself was also most extensively and brilliantly lit up during the night, the combination of the illumination of the houses near the dockyard gates with the magnificent illumination over the gateway itself shedding a radiance like that of a bright summer sun at noon on the roadway and the pavement below. A very grand spectacle could scarcely have been witnessed on a fairer night.

BANQUET BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION.

At three o'clock on Thursday a distinguished company, amounting in all to 400 guests, assembled on the Governor's Green to meet the French Minister of Marine, the Lords of the Admiralty, and the principal officers of the French fleet. At the entrance to the green—a square, level plot of grass, which is situated by the saluting battery at the south eastern end of the town, in an angle formed by the ramparts, by which it is bounded on two sides—a handsome triumphal arch had been erected, crowned by a transparency displaying the French eagle, beneath which was the letter "N." and the motto "Les Anglais et les Français sont unis." The archway was ornamented at the top by crimson hangings fringed with orange, and, although merely temporary, looked a very solid structure. The approach to it, for a space of some 200 or 300 yards, leads from the High-street through the broad avenue formed by the Grand Parade, and along this space, for its entire length, long poles were erected on each side of the avenue, at distances of 20 ft. apart, from every one of which a flag was flying. Driving up this avenue, the guests passed through the archway and on by the gravelled roadway, which had been laid down for the occasion, to the portico standing in front of the spacious series of tents on the western side of the green, which had been constructed with wonderful dispatch, and with the expenditure of a great amount of labour, under the superintendence of Mr. Angell, the borough engineer; Mr. Raikie, Mr. Absalom, and Mr. Galt, who constituted a committee for the purpose. Their labour, however, was rewarded by the great success which attended their efforts. Through the portico

just mentioned, over which several flags floated, the guests passed into a vestibule in which the first object that met the eye was a fountain, of which the waters, from amid pebbles and evergreens, played to a height of 25 ft., from a basin 12 ft. in diameter. The roof and walls of the vestibule were formed of bunting, striped with red and white, as were also the walls of all the other apartments. A bust of the Emperor of the French stood at the right-hand corner, facing the entrance, and on the left-hand corner one of her Majesty. At the two remaining corners were busts of the Empress of the French and the late Prince Consort. Attached to the right-hand side of the vestibule, also, were dressing rooms for ladies, handsomely fitted up, while upon the opposite side similar accommodation was provided for gentlemen. The vestibule was profusely decorated with evergreens and pots of flowers; and from it a door, formed by the drapery, led into an immense circular tent, 240 ft. in circumference, from the pointed summit of which garlands of flowers extended to the walls all round. The right and left hand sides of this magnificent apartment, which was made the reception-room on the occasion, were occupied by chairs and couches, ensconced at intervals amid banks of flowers, while the pole which sprang up from its centre was encircled, some 20 ft. from the ground, by a corona of gas-jets, which was illumined at night with trefoil lights. The floor was laid, as were the floors of all the other apartments, with a species of white canvas, which rendered the whole surface perfectly smooth. A beautiful embankment of flowering-plants, resting on a rockwork, which looked as if it were composed of golden nuggets, was built up round the base of the central pole. This magnificent saloon was connected by a broad corridor, the sides of which were decorated with plants and mirrors, with an oblong tent running at right angles to the corridor, and forming, with the permanent structure erected on the green for the purposes of volunteer drill, of which it is made to appear a continuation, an apartment the entire length of which was not less than 250 ft. Both sides of the corridor leading into this tent were tastefully decorated with mirrors and pots of flowers, and on the right-hand side was traced the motto, "*Paix et bonne volonté*," "Peace and good-will" being the motto on the opposite side. Just facing the corridor a place was set apart for the band, which occupied a position in the middle of this oblong tent, and could thus be seen not only from the vestibule and circular tent through the corridor, but from that permanent half of the oblong tent on the right of the corridor which formed the banquetting-room, and which was most tastefully fitted up. Its light, cylindrical roof of corrugated iron was painted a delicate blue. The slender tie-rods by which it is bound, forming a species of iron fretwork, were of a light buff, and from them were suspended numerous baskets of flowers. Its sides were, just like the rest of the tent of which it formed a part, lined with striped bunting, while the head of the room, behind the chair in which the Mayor presided, presented a white ground, picked out with golden bars and crimson rosettes. In the centre was placed a bust of the French Emperor, on one side of which, but somewhat nearer to the ground, were displayed the French arms between silken banners, on the other the English arms similarly placed, save that in the former instance the banners represented the English standard, in the latter the French. Immediately under the bust of the French Emperor were emblazoned the arms of Portsmouth—a star and crescent on an azure ground. The other end of the great tent formed, while the banquet was taking place, a magnificent vista of flowers and shrubs, interspersed with ferns, evergreens, statues, and plants. On the left-hand side of the chair, in what, properly speaking, constituted the banquetting-room itself, the windows at the sides had been taken out, thus securing better ventilation, while on the outside, as if through windows formed by the white and red bunting on the walls, banks of flowers were the pleasant objects which revealed themselves to the eye.

The guests, having been received on their arrival by the Mayor in the central tent, were conducted to the banquetting-room, along which the tables, which numbered four, exclusive of the cross table at the head, extended in parallel lines down the length of the room. The French Minister occupied a seat on the right hand of the Mayor, who presided, the Duke of Somerset being on his immediate left.

Toasts similar in terms to those given at the Admiralty banquet on the preceding day were given and responded to. The banquet terminated about six o'clock, after which there was a

GRAND CONCERT AND BALL.

After the banquet considerable numbers of ladies began to arrive, and by the time the promenade concert commenced the rooms were well filled with a brilliant company. The concert, which consisted of selections of vocal and instrumental music, was given with splendid effect. There were no less than 1500 persons present at the ball, and dancing was, throughout the evening, kept up with the utmost spirit. At intervals during the night the beautiful fountain which played in the vestibule was so illuminated with a lime light as to cause the waters to sparkle with tints of varied hue. A splendid display of rockets took place about half-past eight o'clock, and attracted hundreds of the guests to the green-sward outside the tents, which was surrounded by a circle of lights, the ramparts beside it being crowded with people to witness the spectacle.

Supper was served shortly before twelve o'clock, and a most successful series of fêtes terminated shortly after.

REVIEW ON SOUTHSEA-COMMON.

The troops in garrison, soon after eleven on Friday morning, paraded on Southsea-common in review order, and were organised in three brigades, forming up in a line of contiguous columns at quarter distance, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir George Buller, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth, and Commander-in-Chief of the Military South-west District. Sir George was attended by a numerous and brilliant staff of officers, among whom was the Earl of Cardigan. The troops on the ground consisted of two field-batteries of artillery, the 6th and 12th Brigades of Royal Artillery, one company of Royal Engineers, the 1st Battalion of the 14th Regiment of Infantry, the Royal Marine Artillery, Royal Marine Light Infantry, 52nd, 75th, 81st, and 87th Regiments of Infantry: 4664 of all ranks; with twelve 12-pounder breech-loading guns, and 164 horses attached to the guns.

The line was formed on the somewhat narrow and confined space of the Southsea-common parallel with the line of sea beach, and in full view of the combined fleets anchored at Spithead. Immense numbers of people assembled to witness the manoeuvres, which lasted about two hours.

The Minister of Marine, the Admirals, and chief officers of the French fleet were on the ground, and were, on their arrival, received with a general salute.

DEPARTURE OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

The French fleet quitted our shores on Saturday morning, not many hours after its officers had danced through the last dance at the ball given by the Admiralty at the Royal Naval College on Friday night. This ball, the last in the programme of festivities, was unusually brilliant. It may not have been accompanied by any of those artistic surprises in which Frenchmen excel. There may not have been connected with it anything so ingeniously beautiful as those impromptu groves and gardens through which the guests wandered at the ball given at Brest on board the *Ville de Lyons*; but it was, nevertheless, very splendid and bright, neither unworthy of the national taste, of the national resources, nor of the occasion it was meant to celebrate.

Not more than four or five hours elapsed after the ball had terminated before the French fleet was under way. It was expected that it would not leave until about noon on Saturday; but late on Friday evening instructions were given to prepare for its departure as early as nine or ten o'clock on the following morning.

About eleven o'clock, when the leading ships were about three miles south of the Nab Light, the flag of Admiral Bonet-Villaumez, the Admiral in command of the French squadron, was dipped in salute to that of the Minister of Marine, who proceeded on board the *Reine Hortense* to Havre, while the remaining vessels held on their

way for Cherbourg; and thus ended the visit of the French fleet to the shores of England.

Whatever may be the comparative merits of the two fleets, there can be no doubt as to the cordial spirit in which they met, both on the coast of France and at Portsmouth. While the French officers stayed among us, nothing could surpass the courtesy which they displayed towards all with whom they came in contact. The English naval authorities, on the other hand, left nothing undone to make the best return in their power for the splendid hospitality they received at Cherbourg and at Brest. From the moment the French fleet anchored at Spithead until the hour of its departure an English gun-boat, in command of an English officer, was placed at the disposal of each of the French ships, and while the French Minister of Marine and the chief officers of the French navy were being entertained at magnificent banquets on board the Duke of Wellington and in the Royal Naval College, the officers of the Black Prince and the other English ironclads at Spithead dispensed to those who remained behind a hospitality only less splendid. The warmth of the reception which the representatives of the French navy met with at the civic entertainment given in their honour by the Mayor and the Corporation of Portsmouth and the inhabitants in its vicinity could scarcely be exceeded. What pleased them most, perhaps, throughout the whole series of entertainments was the evident spontaneity which characterised every effort made to contribute to their gratification. There is reason to believe that they left our shores most favourably impressed with the endeavours which had been so earnestly made to render their stay at Portsmouth as agreeable as possible. Nothing more than one French officer has been heard to say, greatly as they admired our dockyards and our fleet, struck them so much as the immense number of yachts which all day long shot to and fro about the roadstead at Spithead, affording, as it did, so strong an indication of the naval tastes of the people.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor and Empress went to Biarritz on Thursday, and were to pay a visit to the Queen and King of Spain, at St. Sebastian, on the 9th, their Spanish Majesties returning the visit on the 11th.

Count Walewski has been appointed President of the Corps Législatif, and has resigned his position as Senator. Several senators, deputies, and councillors of State have received the Order of the Legion of Honour. M. Darimon has been nominated to the grade of Chevalier in the same Order.

A short time ago the Council General of the Seine and Marne passed a series of resolutions declaring that it was desirable the law should give to Councils General the power of deciding contested departmental elections. It was also suggested that it would be advisable to give to the Councils General the right of nominating their chief officers. We now learn by telegram from Paris that an Imperial decree has been issued annulling these resolutions, on the ground that they exceed the limit of the powers given to the Councils General.

PORTUGAL.

The Ministerial crisis in Portugal has terminated by the appointment of a new Cabinet, with Viscount de Castro at its head as President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs. Further modifications are, however, spoken of as not improbable.

The King and Queen of Portugal are about to visit Italy; and the King's father, Dom Fernando, is to act as Regent in their absence. It is stated that the determination of the King to travel abroad and the nomination of his father as Regent have excited considerable surprise in Portugal. The Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs has been at the pains of formally denying in the Cortes the report that Prince Amadeus, Victor Emmanuel's son, had come to Lisbon to represent his father at the baptism of the infant Prince, in consequence of the Papal Nuncio's refusal to accept the King of Italy as godfather to the child.

AUSTRIA.

The Vienna papers publish a decree of the Minister of Justice to the Procurators-General relative to the course to be pursued towards the press. The Minister commands the exercise of the law against really serious offences of the press, but a careful avoidance of all measures which might raise a suspicion that the prosecution was of a partisan character. Apart from all prejudiced opinions, the Government, says the Minister, will gratefully accept all well-founded criticism of their acts.

THE ELBE DUCHIES.

An official notification has been made to the present Government of the duchies that it will be dissolved on the 14th inst. The civil and military Government for Holstein will be established at Kiel, and will enter upon its functions on the 15th inst. Field Marshal von Gablenz will arrive in Holstein on the 14th inst., and will replace Herr von Halbhuter, the present Austrian Civil Commissioner in the duchies.

THE UNITED STATES.

We have intelligence from New York to the 26th ult. Secretary Seward had announced that parolled prisoners, against whom no special charges are pending, who desire to leave the country, will be furnished with passports upon application at the State Department; but that conditions will be exacted that they do not return without the permission of the President. Applications for passports from others implicated in the rebellion will be considered.

The War Department had ordered the mustering out of the service of seventy-eight unemployed generals, including General Banks.

The Mississippi Convention, by a vote of 86 against 11, had adopted an amendment to the State Constitution, prohibiting slavery or involuntary servitude in the State, except in punishment of crime, and directing the Legislature at its next Session to provide laws for the protection of the persons and property of the freedmen. President Johnson had telegraphed to the Governor of Mississippi, congratulating him on the progress made by that State towards re-admission to the Union. He also said that the Habeas Corpus Act would be restored and the troops withdrawn so soon as the State had progressed sufficiently to have returned to her allegiance.

The Democratic State Convention of Ohio was held on the 24th ult., and General George W. Morgan was nominated for Governor. The platform adopted opposed centralisation, maintained the doctrine of State rights according to the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, but denied the right or power of secession, denounced negro suffrage, the suspension of the habeas corpus, and continuance of martial law; considered the national debt a national crime, and, while regretting the non-ratification in April last of the Sherman-Johnston peace agreement, resolved to support President Johnson in all constitutional efforts to restore the seceded States to the Union.

The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention had given Mr. Johnson their qualified support. They demand that measures shall be passed to give the South immediate Congressional representation, and to save them from negro suffrage; also to stop the murder and punishment of individuals by court-martial.

The trial of Captain Wirz, commandant during the war of the Confederate military prison at Andersonville, Georgia, upon a charge of conspiracy with General Lee, Secretary of War Seddon, and other Confederate officials, to destroy the Federal prisoners under his charge by shooting, starvation, and barbarous treatment, was commenced before a military commission at Washington on the 21st ult. Captain Wirz denied the jurisdiction of the Court; declared that, being included in the terms of surrender agreed upon between Generals Sherman and Johnston, his arrest and arraignment are unjust; and that he is not guilty of the charge.

The Shenandoah continued her depredations among the whalers in

the Pacific. She had destroyed the whaling-ship General Williams, the barque W. C. Rye, the Nimrod, the Catharine, the Isabella, and the Gipsy.

Ketchum, the defaulter, had been arrested in New York.

CANADA.

A Quebec despatch, dated Aug. 22, says that the surveys and estimates of the Intercolonial Railway have been submitted to the Canadian Parliament. The route recommended is via River du Loup, the Bay of Chaleur, Fredericton, and Picton, to Halifax. The total cost will be about 25,000,000 dols.

SOUTH AMERICA.

We have news of the progress of the war between Paraguay and Brazil up to the 9th ult. It was understood that the invading army of Paraguayans had managed to give the slip to the forces stationed on the frontier, and to have entered Brazilian territory. The feeling of alarm thus excited had been followed by Imperial decrees appealing to the country for volunteers, and calling out the National Guard. To meet the advancing foe General Flores had marched up the right bank of the Uruguay at the head of 5000 troops, the Gite of the Brazilian army. For "want of water," however, the fleet had been arrested in its course up that river, whilst a similar cause kept the ships in the Parana inactive.

INDIA.

Overtures of peace having been received from the Rajah of Bhootan, it was expected that the war was not likely to be resumed in that quarter. It appears, however, that the overtures of the Rajah, whatever was their nature, have not stopped the preparations for the invasion of that country, the troops for the purpose having been detailed. An enormous amount of sickness prevails among those unfortunate officers and men who compose the garrisons of the forts already in our hands.

Lieutenant Campbell, 90th Foot, has been murdered by fanatics in Cashmere.

A body of insurgent Wagnurs has been defeated near Rajcote by a detachment of native troops under Captain Fones.

Dugganath Sunkersett, the representative Hindoo and leading man among the Hindoos in Bombay, died on July 31.

NEW ZEALAND.

A telegram from Melbourne, under date July 26, gives a very disheartening account of affairs in New Zealand. The Maoris under Rewi, it is said, manifest an intention to continue the struggle. They had seized the crew of the cutter Bonita, and the fate of the unfortunate men was unknown when the despatch left. To these troubles must be added others relating to the Government. Efforts were being made to overthrow the Ministry. Mr. Fox had resigned his seat in the Assembly and left for England.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The news from the Cape of Good Hope is reassuring. Communications have been opened between the Secretary for Native Affairs and Moshesh, the chief of the Basutos, respecting a late raid into the eastern colony, which Moshesh declares was without his knowledge or complicity. The Secretary reports that there is not a single Basuto in the colony, and that the alarm which was naturally felt had subsided. Meanwhile the Government is on the *qui vive* and prepared for any emergency.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science commenced its annual meeting, at Birmingham, on Wednesday.

A meeting of the general committees was held at one o'clock at the Midland Institute—Sir Charles Lyell in the chair. A great deal of routine business, such as the reading of financial and other reports and the appointment of vice-presidents and secretaries of sections, was transacted. The receipts of the association for the past year were £3831, and the expenditure leaves an available balance of £759 in the hands of the treasurer. At the conclusion of the formal proceedings, a lengthened discussion took place on a motion made by Dr. Hunt and seconded by Sir E. Belcher, to the effect that a separate section be formed, entitled H. to be devoted solely to the subject of anthropology. Sir Roderick Murchison strongly opposed the proposition, on the ground that a further multiplication of the sections would render the association unworkable. Similar claims might be put in on behalf of the votaries of other special branches of science, and at present there were few towns that could provide accommodation even for their present number of simultaneous meetings. He recommended the anthropologists to follow the precedent of the Royal Agricultural Society, and found a separate association for the cultivation of their favourite science. Dr. Hunt's motion was ultimately negatived, as were also two others having a similar object.

The first general meeting was held, in the Townhall, in the evening. The doors were opened at seven o'clock, and the spacious building was speedily filled. Professor Phillips, president of the association for the year, entered the hall, accompanied by the Mayor and other gentlemen, at a few minutes before eight, and was well received. He immediately proceeded to deliver his inaugural address, of which the following is a summary:—

The president commenced with an allusion to the busy centre of industrial England in which the association had assembled, and to the beneficial results of the union of science and art, the alliance of cultivated thought and practical skill. After glancing at the progress which has been made in the instruments of exact research, the measures of time and space, and force and motion, the learned president proceeds to touch upon a few of the striking facts in physical astronomy. The history of suns and planets is in truth, he observes, the history of the effects of light and heat manifested in them or emanating from them. By calculations, depending on the rate of radiation of heat into space, the past antiquity of the earth and the future direction of sunshine have been expressed in thousands or millions of centuries. Professor Thomson assigns to the sun's heat, supposing it to be maintained by the apople of masses of matter, a limit of 300,000 years, and the period of cooling of the earth from universal fusion to its actual state 98,000,000 years. These are the lowest estimates sanctioned by any mathematician. The latest results of spectral analysis of stars and nebulae; the new powers of light for aiding researches into the condition of celestial bodies; the benefits to meteorology of the electric telegraph; chemical and geological progress; are each in turn made the subject of luminous though brief comment. The greater our progress in the study of the economy of Nature, the more she unveils herself as one vast whole—one comprehensive plan—one universal rule—in a yet unexhausted series of individual peculiarities. Such is the aspect of this moving, working, living system of force and law; such it has ever been, if we rightly interpret the history of our own portion of this rich inheritance of mind, the history of that earth from which we spring, with which so many of our thoughts are co-ordinated, and to which all but our thoughts and hopes will again return. How should we prize this history! and exult in the thought that in our own days, within our own memories, the very foundations of the series of strata, deposited in the beginning of time, have been explored by our living friends, our Murchison and Sedgwick, while the higher and more complicated parts of the structure have been minutely examined by our Lyell, Forbes, and Prestwich. How instructive the history of that long series of inhabitants which we receive in primeval times the gift of life, and filled the land, sea, and air with rejoicing myriads, through innumerable revolutions of the planet, before in the fullness of time it pleased the Giver of all good to place man upon the earth, and bid him look up to heaven. Wave succeeding wave, the forms of ancient life sweep across the ever-changing surface of the earth, revealing to us the height of the land, the depth of the sea, the quality of the air, the course of the rivers, the extent of the forest, the system of life and death—yes, the growth, decay, and death of individuals, the beginning and ending of races, of many successive races of plants and animals in seas now dried, of sandbanks now raised into mountains, on continents now sunk beneath the waters. Had that series a beginning? Was the earth ever uninhabited after it had become a globe turning on its axis and revolving round the sun? Was there ever a period since land and sea were separated—a period which we can trace—when the land was not shaded by plants, the ocean not alive with animals? The answer, as it comes to us from the latest observation, declares that in the lowest deposits of the most ancient seas, in the stratified crust of the globe, the monuments of life remain.

The address then refers to other sections of the association—those devoted to zoology, physiology, and ethnology, especially in connection with the antiquity of man and the proposition that the forms of life are indefinitely variable with time and circumstance. With regard to the latter, President Phillips observes that the three propositions which were ever first to the mind of Edward Forbes may be successfully maintained:—“First, it may

be admitted that plants and animals form many natural groups, the members of which have several common characters, and are parted from other groups by a real boundary line, or, rather, unoccupied space. Next, that each of these groups has a limited distribution in space, often restrained by high mountains, or deep seas, or parallels of temperature, within which it has been brought into being. Thirdly, that each group has been submitted to, or is now undergoing, the pressure of a general law, by which its duration is limited in geological time; the same group never reappearing after being removed from the series.” After a paragraph devoted to geographical discovery Professor Phillips shows the part taken by the British Association in the inventions and discoveries of the last thirty-three years, and concludes with the following passage:—“When, more than thirty years ago, this parliament of science came into being, its first child-language was employed to ask questions of Nature; now, in riper years, it finds on the answers received further and more definite inquiries directed to the same prolific source of useful knowledge. Of researches in science completed, in progress, or in beginning, each of our annual volumes contains some three hundred or more passing notices, or full and permanent records. This digest and monument of our labours is, indeed, in some respects incomplete, since it does not always contain the narrative or the result of undertakings which we started, or fostered, or sustained; and I own to having experienced on this account once or twice a feeling of regret. But the regret was soon lost in the gratification of knowing that other and equally beneficial channels of publication had been found; and that by these examples it was proved how truly the association kept to the real purpose of its foundation, ‘the advancement of science,’ and how heartily it rejoiced in this advancement without looking too closely to its own share in the triumph. Here, indeed, is the stronghold of the British Association. Wherever and by whatever means sound learning and useful knowledge are advanced, there to us are friends. Whoever is privileged to step beyond his fellows on the road of scientific discovery will receive our applause, and, if need be, our help. Welcoming and joining in the labour of all, we shall keep our place among those who clear the roads and remove the obstacles from the paths of science; and whatever be our own success in the rich fields which lie before us, however little we may now know, we shall prove, that in this our day we knew at least the value of knowledge, and joined hearts and hands in the endeavour to promote it.”

SOCIAL STATE OF IRELAND.

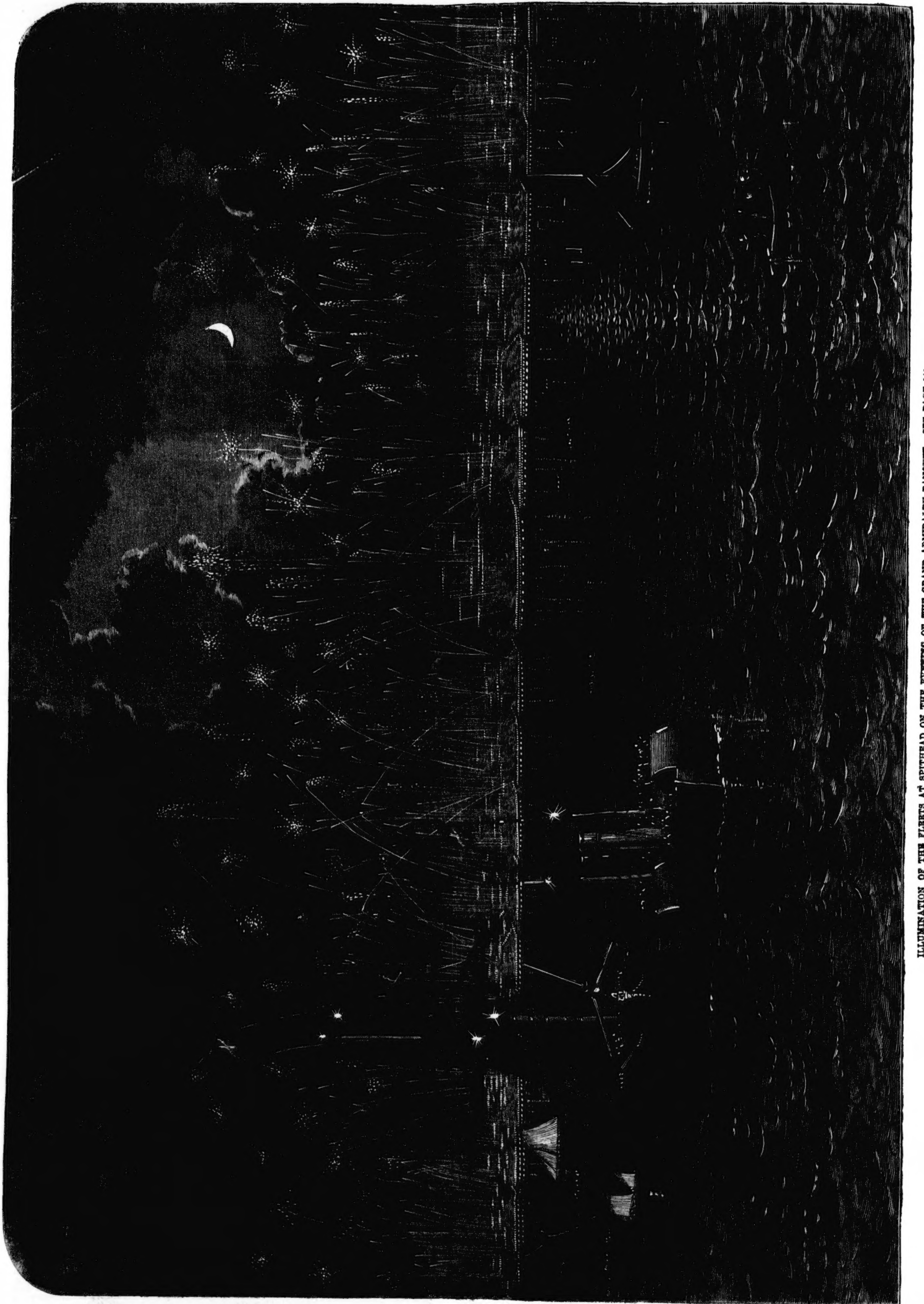
A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT of *Saunders' Newsletter* gives the following account of the present “Social Aspect of the South of Ireland”:—

Unless the peasant mistakes you for a spy, a gauger, or a valuator going to raise the rent on him, his intelligence and practical knowledge are very valuable in enabling you to go below the surface, and learn the true condition of the country. The first great apparent change is in the improved condition of the dwellings and dress of the people. In Wexford, Kilkenny, Tipperary, and Waterford, one no longer sees the normal dung-pit and pool of fetid water in close proximity to the house—the unfailing friend to typhus fever and dysentery; the roofs are now fairly thatched and the walls whitewashed; and not rarely may be observed some little attempt at ornament in the way of a hedge-row or flowers in the potato garden. But it is in the dress, especially of the women, that the most marked progress has been made. Twenty years ago the wearing of shoes and stockings was the exception and not the rule; and on a fair or market day, when the little proprieties of life were to be observed, these articles were carried until the owners reached the environs of the town, and were then put on, more for ornament than use. But at present the neatly-shaped boot is to be found inside the house, while a more clumsy shoe is available for the rough work in the fields; and on Sundays the road glitters with the variety of bright colours suspended on the crinolines which fashion has imported into the most primitive districts. It may, however, be asked, has this external improvement been gained by running into debt, or, if not, whence can the money be obtained? The solution is an easy one. The price of butter, of poultry, of eggs, &c., has increased enormously, and the demand is still more than equivalent to the supply; and shippers who send to England have their various agents going about and opening depôts, where purchases are promptly made; so that eggs which used to be sold for three or four a penny in any village will realise in summer from 7d. to 10d. a dozen, and in winter go up as high as even 1s. and chickens that were a drug at 6d. are readily taken at 1s. and more. The daughters of the small farmers are allowed to rear fowl for themselves; and one woman, whose flock of turkeys in a wild part of the county of Waterford constituted quite a picture, stated that she paid the rent of the ground she held—namely, £33 a year—by this one source of revenue. It is in the matter of food and creature comforts that no equal progress has been made; and from my observation I should be led to the conclusion that those of the Irish who are a little elevated over the hand-to-mouth condition of the mere labourer display a wonderful amount of prudence, forbearance, and cheerfulness of mind under what would try the temper and incite the improvidence of the same class of people at the other side of the Channel. They are grateful for the returning supply of wholesome and cheap food, given through the agency of the potato, and buttermilk is an indulgence, while the use of fresh milk would be a luxury only to be occasionally gratified. Rarely, even on a Sunday, does bacon accompany the pot of cabbage, and pigs, butter, fowl, and even eggs, are reserved for sale, not for personal enjoyment. Nodoubt “starvation” will and must demoralise; but the peasantry here, who certainly enjoy but a restricted and little-varying dietary, are not debilitated, and even the most prejudiced must admit that the virtue of the women is a fine feature in their character. With respect to the diminished numbers of the people from the effects of the famine years and subsequent emigration, the result of inquiry from various quarters leads to the conclusion that while the soil, if worked adequately, would sustain more than were ever on its surface, yet that in the present state of agriculture there are hands enough to do the required work, and that without the employer being obliged to pay more than a decent rate of wages. There were periods when a man willing to work for 3d. a day and his diet could not even be sure of that; and surely the average of 6s. or 7s. a week for one who, most likely, has others dependent on him, is not in excess of what the most cold-blooded of political economists would sanction when balancing his favourite rows of figures against the shrinking and sensitive objects of humanity placed in the opposite scale. Many of the farmers are now beginning to buy or hire reaping-machines, and in the very busiest period of the harvest 2s. or 2s. 6d. for men, with their diet, and 1s. 4d. to 1s. 8d. for binders, constituted no very excessive tariff.

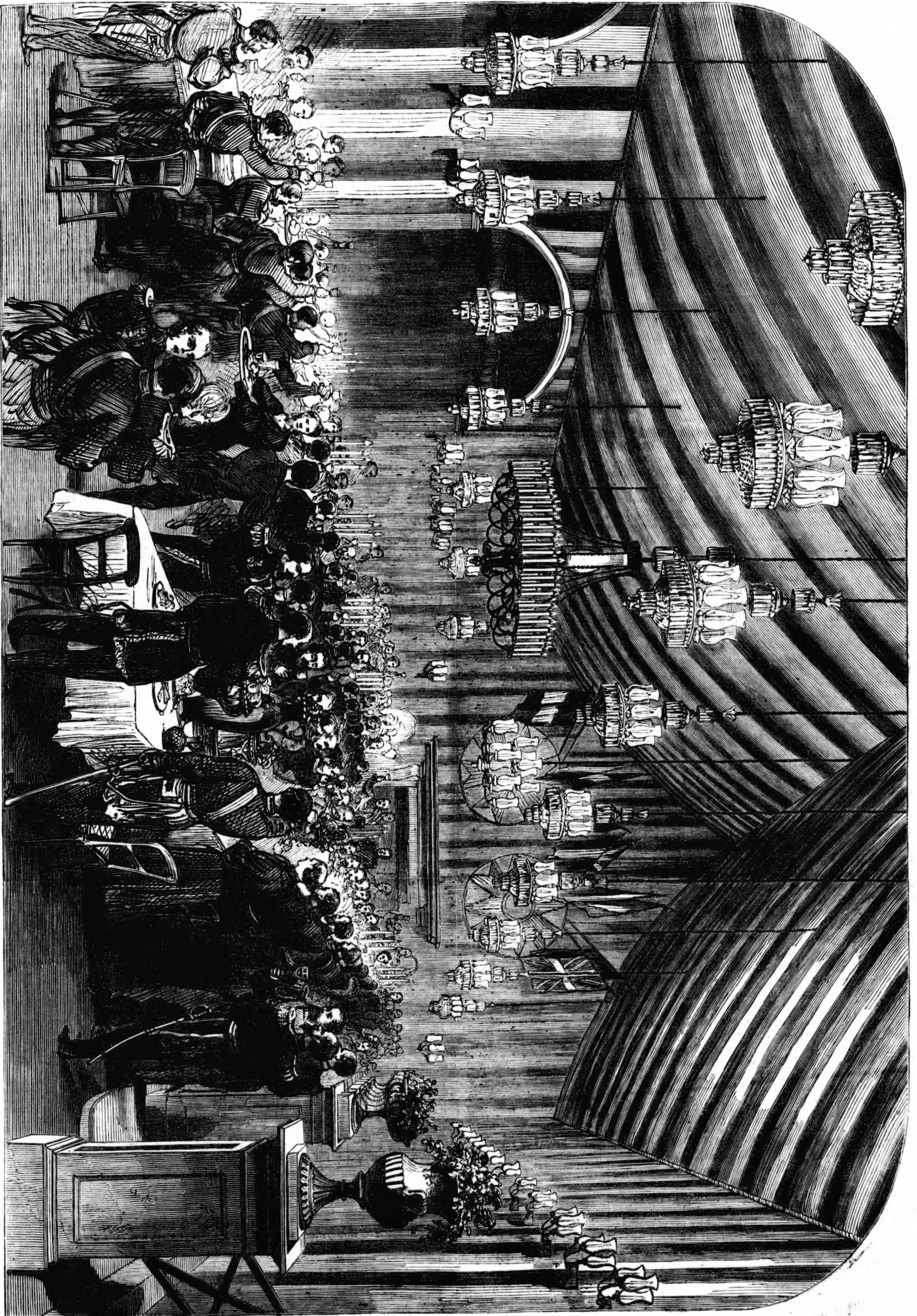
THE MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.—In reference to the engraving and notice of this institution which appeared in our last week's Number, we have received a communication from Mr. S. B. Wilson, architect, in which he says:—“I think it but just to state that, although the general plans, elevations surrounding the quadrangle, the covered way therein, and the west elevations of the offices are my production, as well as a considerable modification of that portion of the building embraced in your perspective view, and the superintendence of the whole of the works are solely under my direction; the character of the facades exhibited in your publication is based on that of Mr. Edwin Pearce, of Clapham, to whom was awarded the first premium for his design, designated ‘Knowledge is Power,’ in the competition of architects, and who therefore must be considered as joint architect with myself and son, although his plans were repudiated, and therefore not used.”

A DESPERATE FELLOW.—O'Flynn, an Irishman, who only recently returned from America, has been committed for trial, at Dublin, for having presented a pistol to a cabman whose vehicle he had engaged, and then robbed him; for making a similar attempt on another cabman; also for stopping a man named Cummins, who was driving with his son, and, on their refusal, shooting the father in the eye and leg. Notwithstanding his wounds, Cummins closed upon O'Flynn, and, after a severe struggle, held him until the son obtained assistance. The Dublin surgeons have extracted the ball from the thigh of Cummins. The ball which entered the head through the left eye, however, cannot as yet be traced; and the condition of the sufferer is very precarious. The prisoner's life is also in danger. Erysipelas in the head is feared, as the result of the blows given by the whip used by Cummins's son. A fourth case of attempted highway robbery against the same individual has transpired. A Mr. Taylor, of the Royal Observatory, Dunsink, was attacked, on the same night as Cummins, at an earlier hour, in the same neighbourhood. O'Flynn, presenting a pistol and threatening his life, called upon him to “Stand and deliver.” Taylor ran off, rapidly, when O'Flynn fired, and as the affirmation states, the missile struck the cart close to his legs.

CURIOUS ELECTRICAL EFFECTS PRODUCED BY LIGHTNING.—A very strange property has recently been observed in the bodies of persons, &c., struck by lightning—the power of giving a strong electric shock when touched. It might be supposed that the electricity would be completely carried off by the conducting power of the human body, and especially if that power were rendered more complete by the presence of moisture. Such, however, is not the case, and it is not possible to explain the anomaly by means of any principle furnished by the present state of our knowledge. The facts, however, are indisputable, the two following cases having been brought before the Academy of Sciences, at its sitting on the 10th of July, by M. Boudin:—On the 30th of June, 1854, a man was killed by lightning in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, and the body remained exposed for some time to a very heavy rain. When the storm was over, two soldiers, who attempted to take the dead body away, received a violent shock the moment they touched it. Two artillerymen, charged with the removal of telegraph posts, which had been thrown down at Zara, in Dalmatia, by a storm, on the 8th of September, 1858, at first, on laying hold of the telegraph wire, two hours after the lightning had ceased, experienced slight shocks, and then were suddenly thrown down, one of them having his hands severely burned, and the other remaining without any sign of life. A comrade, who attempted to render assistance, was attacked with nervous symptoms, and had his arm burned.—*Scientific Review*.



ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEETS AT SPITHEAD ON THE EVENING OF THE GRAND ADMIRALTY BANQUET.—SEE PAGE 145.



THE GRAND BANQUET GIVEN BY THE ADMIRALTY TO THE FRENCH MINISTER OF MARINE AT PORTSMOUTH—SEP. 7, 1865.

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SOME HOME TOPICS.

THE virulence of the cattle disease and the activity of the murder mania continue unabated among us. Each day brings its quota of new homicides and fresh reports of the infection, death, or slaughter of cattle from the prevailing plague, which seems to be no respecter of persons: the stocks of cows belonging to Earl Granville and Miss Burdett Coutts having been destroyed as effectually as those of less distinguished individuals. It may at first sight seem difficult to understand this, seeing that both his Lordship and Miss Coutts had their animals lodged, tended, and fed on the best principles and in the most favourable circumstances. But this only shows that this plague, like other plagues, physical and moral, does not confine its operations to those quarters which are most directly concerned in its production; and tends to remind us that, as we are all liable to suffer from breaches of the laws of nature, though not directly committed by ourselves, it is our interest as well as our duty to take all possible means of ascertaining what the laws of nature are, and of inducing compliance with them by all around us. Diseases of all sorts break out most readily and are most deadly in poor and filthy districts, but they cannot be circumscribed within given bounds—they will have their victims even in the best regulated families and neighbourhoods. If Mr. Smith keeps a cowshed in London in a filthy and unwholesome condition, if he feeds his cattle inadequately and on improper kinds of food, if, in short, he violates the laws which secure health in his own cows, and thereby generates or helps to propagate a dangerously infectious disease, his conduct is not a matter of indifference to his wealthier and more intelligent and careful neighbours. His sins will be visited upon them, not by way of vicarious punishment, but as a retribution for their supineness and indifference to his misdoings. So is it with criminal outbreaks, and so is it with visitations of pestilence in the human subject. We cannot wink at other men's sins with impunity; our doing so is in itself a sin, and will bring due retribution upon us.

Cholera is creeping nearer and nearer to our shores—indeed, the Registrar-General already reports the occurrence of several deaths from what is called English cholera in London. Though the disorder from which these deaths resulted is common in this country and elsewhere in summer and autumn, it possesses the same characteristics, arises from the same causes, and takes advantage of the same predisposing influences, as the more virulent Asiatic scourge. In fact, English cholera generally is the forerunner of the more deadly disorder, and should, when it makes its appearance, be regarded as a warning, and not be glossed over as an ordinary event. The dwellings and mode of living of the poor are, as we have more than once insisted, still in a very unsatisfactory state. The rich and intelligent have not done all they might to mitigate the evils under which the ignorant and indigent live; and they are as sure to suffer in their own health for their indifference as rich dairymen have had to bear a share of the consequence of the folly of poor cow-keepers. From this it follows that we are none of us entitled to fold our hands and look on unconcerned at the blundering, or worse, of others. No member of the community is free from responsibility for the public well-being. This fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon. The crime of one becomes, in a sense, the crime of all; the misfortune of one, is a misfortune to all; what is a loss to one, is a loss to all; what is for the benefit of one, is for the benefit of all; and what is the duty of any one, therefore, becomes the duty of all. Let us, in fine, have no supineness, on the part of the rich, as to the physical and moral welfare of the poor. Let us look to improving their dwellings, their mode of life, and their morals; and let us at the same time exert ourselves to promote the comfort of those animals which minister to our comfort. If we neglect these duties, we shall certainly suffer retribution in cholera, fevers, and cattle plagues, and in an increase of homicide and other crimes.

The return of fine weather has tended to lighten in a material degree the anxiety thoughtful men laboured under as to the supply of food for the winter. The cereal crops have now been

saved over nearly the whole country; and though the quantity, and in many respects the quality, of the produce may be inferior to average years, we believe it will be found that a tolerably fair crop has been housed this season. At all events, matters are not nearly so bad as they threatened to be during the prevalence of wet weather a week or two ago. This, in the prospect of butchers' meat ruling at a very high price throughout the winter, is exceedingly satisfactory. We are assured, at least, of moderately cheap bread, which will compensate, to some extent, for the high cost of beef.

In connection with this subject it may be noted that there is a general complaint that the soil, both in Great Britain and elsewhere, is gradually losing its reproductive power, and is, year after year, bearing crops lighter and of inferior quality; and this, too, in spite of improved husbandry and the application of various artificial fertilisers. The alarm on this subject may, perhaps, be greater than is warranted by facts; but it stands to reason that, if we continue to extract food from the soil and never make it an adequate return—if we persevere in throwing into our rivers and into the sea what ought to be returned to the land, the result inevitably must be that we shall ultimately utterly exhaust the reproductive power of the soil. The utilisation of sewage, consequently, though an unsavoury, becomes a most important subject, and one well worthy the study of the most enlightened minds amongst us. Sewage thrown into a river becomes a nuisance; cast into the sea, it is wasted; applied to the land, it will become a blessing. The difficulty is how to apply it to the soil most advantageously and so as not to cause impurity in the atmosphere; and to these points it is satisfactory to know that much attention is being given by competent minds, whose labours cannot fail to be ultimately crowned with at least a reasonable measure of success.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY and THE ROYAL FAMILY will, according to present arrangements, go to Scotland on Tuesday next, the 12th inst.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE, Prince of Musignano, has died at Rome.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, it is stated, has been requested by the King of Portugal to become godfather to the infant Prince, and has given his consent.

CONSUL CAMERON has been released from confinement by the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia.

COVENTRY intends to erect a monument to the memory of Sir Joseph Paxton.

INCENDIARY FIRES on a large scale are very prevalent in Russia just now.

MARRIAGE is held in great veneration in England, says a Paris paper, for a woman there marries in order to have a home (*un homme*).

A STURGEON, nine feet eight inches long, was captured off Plymouth last week.

A MAN NAMED CASE recently committed suicide in Iowa, because he had been imprisoned for marrying ten wives.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA has conferred honorary degrees on three eminent Englishmen—Sir C. Lyell, Sir R. Murchison, and Mr. John Stuart Mill.

A SOLDIER'S MESSENGER CORPS has been established in New York, after the example of the London corps of commissionaires.

THE GRAND COUNCIL OF BALE CAMPAIGN has just passed a resolution, by a majority of twenty-seven to nineteen, excluding all Jews from the canton.

MR. BENJAMIN, formerly Confederate Secretary of State, has arrived at Southampton by the West India mail-steamers Selma.

M. ERNEST RENAN has nearly completed his "Life of St. Paul." He is said to have been suffering from ill-health lately.

LORD LAUDERDALE has granted permission to each of his tenants to keep a greyhound, for the purpose of reducing the number of hares on their farms.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Yorkshire to raise a public memorial to the late Lord Carlisle, who for many years represented the West Riding in Parliament.

MME. RISTORI, ever ready in works of charity, lately organised a dramatic soirée at the San Carlo, in Naples, for the benefit of the cholera patients at Ancona and San Severo. The receipts reached 15,000*fr.*

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION has been spreading itself about in the neighbourhood of Durham, visiting old Roman altars to the Dolychene Jupiter, and hearing discourses on the Roman ancestry of the Nevilles.

PRINCE COUZA OF MOLDO-WALLACHIA, Prince Michael of Servia, and the chiefs of the national Greek party, have, it is rumoured, come to an agreement to establish three independent empires, one Roumain, one Servian, and the other Greek.

YOUNG COUNT EULENBURG, who killed the cook, and was in consequence ordered to keep his room while the inquiry was going on, has been allowed to join his regiment, now manœuvring in the neighbourhood of Bonn.

A GREAT FIRE broke out in Constantinople on the evening of the 5th inst., and by the next day had destroyed about 2500 houses, and was still raging.

ABD-EL-KADER, when warned to delay his journey home on account of the cholera having broken out at Marseilles, replied, in the usual fatalist language, "Allah! Who must die, must die!" and refused to alter his arrangements.

A PROJECT for laying a submarine telegraph between Sweden and Finland has been definitively decided on. The cable is intended to pass from Grislehamn to Neystadt, touching at the Åland Islands.

SEVEN THOUSAND INHABITANTS of GENEVA have petitioned the Government to send all the families in the town that have no residence or live in unhealthy houses to the convents.

THE ACT to amend the law relating to the duties on sugar and the drawbacks thereon took effect on the 1st inst. The new duty on the importation of cane-sugar is now 8s. 2d. the cwt. Instead of a drawback on refined sugar of 12s. 10d. the cwt. allowed on exportation, the sum is now 12s. 4d.

FORD'S THEATRE, at Washington, in which President Lincoln was murdered, is being converted into a fireproof building, in which all the captured archives of the Southern Confederacy will be kept.

J. GRIMSHAW, the light-weight jockey, has been retained by the Marquis of Hastings to ride for him when required, at the handsome salary of £600 a year. The Marquis has the first call upon Grimshaw's services, the Duke of Beaufort the second.

A CLOTH, which has been recently much used in the army in America, is formed by laying a thin coating of caoutchouc upon sheets of cotton cloth, and then facing it with woollen flock. The result is a material which almost equals the finest broadcloth in appearance, while at the same time it is perfectly impervious to moisture.

A DEPUTATION is coming to London from the colony of Victoria, in pursuance of a resolution of the Legislative Assembly, to ask for assistance from the Imperial Government in defraying the expenses necessary to put the harbour defences of the colony in a proper state.

THE IMPORTS OF FOREIGN CATTLE have greatly increased this year. In the first seven months of the year the numbers imported into the United Kingdom have been 92,116 oxen, bulls, and cows; 27,475 calves, 322,074 sheep and lambs, and 49,422 swine and hogs.

A SAILING FRIGATE of the French Imperial Navy, the *Isis*, Captain Binet, arrived at Brest on Aug. 23, after accomplishing a complete voyage of circumnavigation in nine months and twelve days. There is no example, we believe, of such a voyage having been made in so short a time. The *Isis* sailed on an average about 153 miles a day.

NAPOLEON III., during his late visit to Lake Constance, Switzerland, freely mingled among the people, shaking hands with every one he recognised. A little old woman of Salenstein, on being recognised by him in these words, "Well, good woman, have you, too, recognised me?" answered "Yes, yes, Mr. Emperor, I know you well enough; but you look a little older than when I saw you last."

A MEETING OF FENIANS, on an unusually large scale, took place some days ago at Blackrock, in the county of Leitrim, when a body of men, numbering 400, assembled in military order and marched openly into Dundalk. The police followed them, identified their leaders, and brought them up before the magistrates, by whom they were remanded for further examination,

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

At the late election Southampton turned off Mr. Alderman Rose and Mr. Digby Seymour, and elected in their stead Mr. Moffat, the great tea merchant, and Mr. Russell Gurney, Q.C., the deputy chairman of the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company; and now behold the result. A Transatlantic Steam-ship Company is in process of formation, or rather is already formed, to establish a line of steam-ships between Southampton and New York. This is the splendid bribe which was openly offered to the people of Southampton pending the election, and is now to be paid—all laws to put down bribery and corruption to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed, it is clear that no law can touch such a case as this. Give a man a pint of beer for his vote, and it is bribery in the eye of the law; to present to a town a line of steam-ships is clearly not. How can you indict a large company or a whole town? One murder makes a villain, says the apothegm; millions a hero. There was another candidate in the field at the election—to wit, Mr. Mackay, of the Black Ball American line of packet-ships; and he, too, was "struck with the advantages of Southampton as a port," and promised to bring some of his company's ships there—did indeed, I believe, as a specimen of what he could and would do, bring round a screw-collier to Southampton; but the Southampton people preferred the more splendid offer of Messrs. Moffat and Gurney, and rejected Mr. Mackay. Mr. Rose had nothing to offer but his Conservatism and his eloquent advocacy thereof. Nor had Mr. Seymour anything but his Radicalism. And what was political principle in presence of the splendid bribe which Moffat and Gurney dangled before the eyes of the Southampton voters? Mr. Seymour's fate was disastrous. In 1859 he headed the poll, beating the old member, Mr. Wilcox, by 127 votes, and Mr. Weguelin, the governor of the Bank of England, by 319. But at the late election he was nowhere in the race; and at mid-day pulled up and retired from the course.

Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia, has, under the gentle persuasion of Mr. Rassam, relaxed his catlike grip, and Captain Cameron and the other captives, I suppose, are free. Mr. Palgrave, therefore, will have no need to go on to Abyssinia to try his diplomatic skill. One could almost wish that this adventurous traveller and clever and picturesque writer had penetrated into this out-of-the-way region; we should then have probably got, in due time, not only an accession to our knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, but another interesting book of travels. Mr. Palgrave has all the qualities of a traveller. He is an acute and accurate observer, which is a rare quality. He is also a philosopher, and can generalise what he observes, which is a quality, perhaps still rarer. His courage is dauntless. He is by birth a Jew, and he has the unflinching perseverance of his race. No dangers frighten him; no difficulties can stop him in his course. He is, too, physically fitted to be an explorer. He is of the middle height, well and compactly made, carries no weight of superfluous flesh, but looks as if he were all muscle and bone; and, as we learn from the narrative of his wonderful adventures in the Arabian desert, he can live on anything in the shape of food, and sleep on a camel's back, or on the sand of the desert, as soundly, if not as comfortably, as on a feather bed. I have intimated that Mr. Palgrave is of the Jewish race. He is the son of Sir Francis Palgrave, the Anglo-Saxon historian, and brother, therefore, of Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, one of the private secretaries of the Lord President of the Privy Council, and a notable art-critic. There is, I believe, another brother in the journal office of the House of Commons, who, if rumour be correct, is a contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Though of Jewish extraction, the Palgraves are all, I believe, now Christians. But I will return to Abyssinia for a moment, just to narrate an anecdote which will not be out of place here. The Abyssinians are Christians, belonging professedly to the Greek Church; but their Christianity is, as your readers will imagine, of rather a hybrid character, a cross between heathenism and Popery. They have cathedrals, and, like all the Greek religionists, they are fond of adorning these places with paintings. Mr. Harris, a traveller in those regions, was once invited to see some valuable works of art in one of these buildings, and on his arrival he saw, over the high altar, a set of coloured lithographs portraying the incidents of a Northampton steeplechase. How they had got into Abyssinia he could not learn. They were utterly unintelligible to the priests, of course, but they were deemed to be wonderful pictures, and as such were consecrated to the Deity.

The report that Mr. Stansfeld is to go back to the Admiralty gathers strength, and obtains credence. The post was, it is said, offered to Mr. Charles Buxton, and would have been accepted, but Mr. Buxton would not tempt his fate in East Surrey. After one of the severest contests ever known in that division of the county, he had, by incredible exertions, defeated Peek, the great tea merchant, by less than a hundred votes, and not for twice a thousand a year would he meet his redoubtable foe again at present, so the junior lordship of the Treasury was declined. This is the rumour, but only a rumour. For my part I can scarcely believe that the offer was made. I never heard that Mr. Charles Buxton was ambitious for office; and I do not believe that he would, under any circumstances, take a junior lordship of the Admiralty, involving as it does constant attendance at the house and a good deal of hard work at the desk, for Mr. Buxton's habits are rather erratic. Unless some debate is on of especial interest, or he means to speak, he is very seldom in his place for an hour together, but on the wing, flying hither and thither, like a swallow on a summer's evening; neither has he shown the slightest aptitude for the special work which a Junior Lord of the Admiralty has to do. The report that Mr. Stansfeld is to have the place needs confirmation. Such a report was sure to arise. Mr. Stansfeld held the office for a year or so; he achieved a good reputation for ability and industry whilst he held it; and when it became vacant the finger of rumour at once pointed to him as the proper man to take it again. And I think that it is very probable that the place has been offered to him; but I have my doubts whether he will take it, and I find that other people entertain these doubts. "Will Stansfeld take the junior lordship of the Admiralty?" said I to a brother loungeur. "I should say not," he replied; "he will probably wait for something better. He ought to have had the secretaryship of the Treasury offered to him, for he had earned it, and Mr. Childers had not; but I suspect that Mr. Childers had the strongest influence. If I were Stansfeld I would not take the junior lordship again," said my friend, musingly. "He is worthy of a better place, and if he waits he will get it. It is whispered that some change is to be made in the Audit Office. The startling revelations made by the witnesses examined by the Committee of Finance, last Session, must lead to something." "What startling revelations?" said I; for, having left town immediately after the rising of the House, I had not seen the report. "Why," he replied, "that there are several departments in the State in which it would be quite possible for the chiefs to pocket thousands of the public money, and never be detected." "It is time, then, that something were done." "Yes; and depend upon it that Gladstone will not rest until this crying evil be cured."

In 1814 our octogenarian Premier was a dandy, and here is a small excerpt from M^r Gilchrist's "Life of Lord Palmerston," anent the doings of the noble Lord half a century ago, which may be interesting to your readers:—"The mazy waltz was brought to us about this time, but comparatively few at first ventured to whirl round the salons of Almack's. In course of time, however, Lord Palmerston might have been seen describing an infinite number of circles with M^{me}. de Lieven. M^{me}., or the Countess de Lieven, was a well-known Russian *intrigante*—Anglice, political spy. She lived many a year after she first waltzed with Lord Palmerston at Almack's. Her faculties remained vigorous to the last. So vigorous, indeed, were they, and so formidable was their exercise, that just after the commencement of the Crimean War Louis Napoleon was obliged to be discourteous enough to request her withdrawal from Paris." Is not this a pretty picture of the noble Lord, and the gay *intrigante*? But the biographer thinks that Lord Palmerston's thoughts were not wholly engrossed with the "mazy waltz"; "who knows," writes Mr. M^r Gilchrist, "but that Palmerston may have

practised waltzing for diplomatic reasons, and that the handsome couple of waltzers may have been whispering politics while the astonished assembled fashion was admiring their gyrations?" This is surely verging upon the impossible; but if any man could carry on a diplomatic correspondence while whirling through the evolutions of a waltz, the noble Lord fifty years ago was the man to do it.

The Continent is becoming infected with Yankee shoddycracy. The wealthy vulgarians who have supplied army contracts or "struck tile" through the hotels at all the German spas, and are, to say the least of them, a nuisance. Metallic snobbery is very well to laugh at when seen at a distance, but at close quarters it is terrible. "See here!" said a howling shodocrat, the other day, at a German hotel, "I'm going right strat off, after dinner. How much d' yew think my bill for tu weeks come tu? Now, guess! Wal, then, it came tu tu thousand and four francs six cents—thar!" "Ah!" replied the listening Briton, "see what a fine thing it is to know how to salt pork!"

I see placards announcing the sale of the Strand Music (formerly Musick) Hall. The superfluous *k* has been dropped; but this cannot surely be the only loss indicated by the sale. A strange story hereabout has been circulated at the clubs. I do not vouch for its truth. It is, that certain Hebrews desired a synagogue in the Strand. That they also desired that the Gentiles might be made to pay for it. Whereupon they organised a Musick Hall Company (Limited), raised the required capital, built a devotional chamber, and engaged a certain notorious vocalist to sing therein comic songs bad beyond endurance. The speculation failed, of course; and the pious Israelites stand a chance of obtaining, at a marvelously reduced rate, a place of worship for the old clothiers of Holywell-street and St. Mary-le-Strand.

Our facetious friend *Punch* has made three curious blunders in his cartoon this week. First of all, he makes the "new freshman" at Oxford a navy, whereas the men to be introduced by the railway works at Oxford will be the skilled engineers, a high class of workmen. In the second place, he puts the "Don" in a scholar's gown; and in the third place, and worst of all, he makes the navy ask for "Audit," which is a beer peculiar to St. John's, Cambridge, and unknown at any college in Oxford.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

'Blackwood' begins this month a series of papers, contributed, and, with a basis of personal interest, entitled "Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence;" and they promise to be extremely entertaining. There is a "Switzerland" sketch which is very amusing, and indeed informing. "Miss Marjoribanks" is continued, and of course it is not bad; but it is hardly bright. "Sir Brook Fossbrooke" is a story of the genuine *Blackwood* type, and pleasant reading enough. The paper about the late Professor Aytoun tells us nothing that we had not already gathered from other sources. It is a curious thing to observe how narrowly that gentleman escaped the point at which a man of letters inspires, in our country, something like universal regret. But Professor Aytoun did not reach that point. We feel deeply for him—breaking down so early, and leaving so many friends to mourn him—but we do not grieve after him.

In the *Cornhill*, Mrs. Gaskell makes us all in love with Molly Gibson. Of course there is an article about the Atlantic telegraph. "My Persecutors" is a vague title; the sketch itself is all about feetotal advocacy. The most interesting paper of the month is by Liebig—"Induction and Deduction."

Macmillan triumphs in an Atlantic Telegraph Diary, written on board the great ship by Mr. J. C. Deane, with interesting maps, lithographed on board! Dr. James Hamilton contributes a pleasant paper, "Erasmus in England;" and the two stories are continued. Mr. Thompson's "Galway; or, the City of the Tribes" is very interesting. "Macdonald of Sleat" is a good ballad.

Sir J. Herschell, on "Light," and Dr. Macleod, on "The Neighbourhood of Jerusalem," are both interesting in *Good Words*. No such account of the Holy Land, either as to letterpress or illustrations, has ever before found its way into print as Dr. Macleod's.

Mr. Beeton's monthly literature for ladies, young and mature, and for boys, keeps up in a wonderful manner. The patterns of articles of dress in the women's magazines, and the woodcuts of animals in the boys', are most admirable.

In the *Day of Rest*, amongst many articles of greater or less merit, there is one entitled "The Parentage of Printing," which is exceedingly unsatisfactory, and has evidently been got up by copying, almost verbatim, from cyclopedias, and with scarcely a trace of real research. The writer begins with a long introduction about disputed inventions and discoveries, and follows this up with an almost irrelevant quotation, filling half a page, from Dr. Morse. He then begins to give us the history of Gutenberg, and of his labours in the invention of printing—or, rather, in the developing of an idea already in existence, and of an art already practised in a rude manner. This is really what Gutenberg did. The writer in the *Day of Rest* seems ignorant of all that led up to Gutenberg's invention. He totally ignores the brick books of ancient Babel, the seals and stamps of Greek and Roman times, and even the block books of Germany, from which, undoubtedly, Gutenberg took his idea of printing-types. This article should have been entitled the "birth" and not the "parentage" of printing; for of the real parentage of the art not a single word is said.

Before parting with magazine literature for this month, I may just say a word or two about a speech made in the provinces, the other day, by a noble Lord who ought to have known better than to talk such twaddle. His Lordship thought it a hopeful sign that, while the wealthier classes were fond of reading about the works and ways of the poor, the poor were always reading about the rich. His Lordship looks into the windows of the bookshops and finds the cheap literature which sells amongst the poor consists largely of stories in which "bloated aristocrats" play the leading parts. He thinks this shows that there is a wholesome desire among different classes of society to know more about each other. At least, says he, the burden of proof lies with such as think otherwise. This is one of the oddest bits of blundering I ever heard of. The interest which the wealthier classes take in reading about the "ways" of the poor arises, in the mass of cases, from the utter alienation which exists. Mayfair reads about Tattleboy's-rents just as a little boy reads Captain Cook's voyages, out of curiosity to know all about savages a long way off. There is no harm in the curiosity; but there is no moral element in it. Again, the "aristocratic" stories which the very poor delight in are stories of costly profligacy and dissipation. This cannot exist without wealth, and is usually supposed to be the privilege of my lord and my lord's connections. Briefly, the rich like to read about the poor because their own sense of superiority is flattered and their curiosity (about the distant savages!) tickled; while the poor read stories of aristocratic dissipation because they titillate their passions, bring luxurious fancies close home to them, and make believe that the worst vice is all with the "aristocrat."

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

"Fra Angelo" was produced on the Wednesday before last at the HAYMARKET, and it would be advisable for those good folks who still retain a love for the blank-verse murdering, loving five-act play of the Middle Ages, to hasten to see this last offering to the tragic muse at their earliest convenience, for, as I think, it is unlikely to run long. "Fra Angelo" was heralded by a prodigious *fanfare* of trumpets; but it is by no means a cleverly-constructed piece, nor it is a well-written piece. Still less is it a piece possessed of any novelty of any sort whatever, in the way of character, incident, or effect. The dramatic personae are the regular old lay figures, and the incidents are the old stock incidents that have braved a thousand audiences. The play would be best described as an injudicious mixture of moonlight, music, and murder; but as that description might be considered too brief, and as brevity is the reverse of the soul of a five-act play, and as, doubtless, many worthy people still retain a blissful, simple-minded belief in the beauty of five-act plays, pie-crust, and

pigtails, it is my duty to endeavour to give as serious an account of it as the nature of the subject will permit. The scene is laid somewhere near Naples, and the period of the action is somewhere in the thirteenth century. The Duke de Ceretto is an old noble whose thoughts are entirely occupied with the honour of his house. Family pride is his dominant passion; and in the first scene he sends for his only son Lorenzo, and points out to him, in an amount of blank verse that would have goaded the most dutiful of children to madness, that he wishes him to marry Leonora, the daughter of the Marquis de Volgenza. Lorenzo makes several remarks to the effect that "true hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith," &c. The difference is, that what Mr. Tennyson wrote in two lines, Lorenzo says in a hundred. The fact is that Lorenzo is in love with a low-born beauty, named Marina. This position of affairs is complicated by the fact that Leonora loves Lorenzo with a passion happily seen but seldom, save in five-act tragedies. Fra Angelo is a monk, with a hunched back and a hideous face, the kind of grotesque horror seen glaring from the stonework of a minster—and he is certainly the most villainous monk ever seen or heard of even in a Protestant country. His villainies are the more awful because they are entirely without motive. He hates personal beauty because he is deformed, therefore he hates Marina. He is the elder brother of the Marquis de Volgenza, and he enjoys a reputation for sanctity in exactly inverse ratio to his deserts. Fra Angelo, who receives confidential communications from everybody, and who in his turn makes confidential communications to his audience, persuades the Duke, the Marquis, and the tender, passionate Leonora to poison Marina, the innocent and inconvenient. Any little scruples suggested by either the proud Duke, the needy Marquis, or the loving lady, are at once met by the holy father volunteering, in the most spirited manner, to take all the trouble off their hands. He posts off to Marina's house in high glee at the prospect of poisoning a pretty girl. But villainy never prospers—at least upon the stage—and the high-born Leonora is seized with a spasm of conscience, which reflects the highest credit upon her; for, after all, it is wrong to poison a young girl, even though of poor but honest parentage; and she informs Lorenzo of the proposed murder by letter. Lorenzo flies to the cottage. The monk has prepared the fatal draught, has poured it into a horn, and offered it to the unsuspecting and thirsty maiden, who is about to drink it, when Lorenzo arrives, seizes the monk by the throat, and forces him to drink his own brew—a comic sort of vengeance, which reminded the audience of Lampedo, the apothecary, in "The Honeymoon," when Balthazar compels him to swallow his own pills. Lorenzo gives the vagabond old Fra a good shaking, and the monk dies, cursing everything and everybody. The audience on the first night were considerably diverted by this humorous incident. In the last act Leonora poisons herself—because, I presume, it is a rule in tragedy that somebody *must* be poisoned in the last act—and dies, forgiving everybody who has not injured her, and pointing out to her father how beautiful is repentance—and poison, self-administered. Mr. William Clarke Russell, the author of the play, has made a mistake; but he need not, therefore, be discouraged. He is young, and all young authors commence their career by writing an epic poem on a five-act tragedy. Some of the situations and verse of the new play give excellent promise of better things to come. Fra Angelo had the advantage of being excellently mounted and well acted. The new scenery was charmingly picturesque; the new music dreamy and voluptuous; and the costumes rich and characteristic. Mr. Montgomery must have chosen the part of Lorenzo in order to give strength to the cast—an unambitious desire to please his audience which other managers would do well to imitate. Miss Katherine Rodgers, who made her debut as Leonora, has a handsome face, a good voice, and a commanding figure. She also possesses feeling, passion, and intelligence; and her acting made a marked impression on the audience. Mr. Raymond and Mr. Fernandez were excellent as the proud old Duke and the scheming Marquis; and Miss Louisa Moore was a delicate, amiable Marina. The Fra Angelo of Mr. Voltaire was well conceived; but, on the first night at least, was over-acted and exaggerated to an absurd degree. Fra Angelo was such a monster of monkish iniquity that his various phases of villainy need not be pointed out fore-and-aft upon the audience. Doubtless so experienced an actor as Mr. Voltaire will by this time have toned down his too vigorous execution of the character.

I am glad to record the success of a very clever drama by Mr. Boucicault, based on Washington Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle, and also the success of Mr. Jefferson, the celebrated actor from America. Theatrical notabilities from the other side of the Atlantic are usually proclaimed in enormous posters as the most tremendous geniuses in the world; and in exact proportion to the large size of the posters on the walls is the small gratification received from their performances. With Mr. Jefferson all this is reversed. He has been respectably advertised, and no more; and his acting of Rip Van Winkle is the performance of a great actor, and his genius met a hearty recognition from not only a crowded but, what is rarer, an intelligent and appreciative audience. I will not run the chance of subtracting from the pleasure in store for ADELPHI playgoers by a description, scene after scene, incident by incident, of the capital drama which Mr. Boucicault has built round the charming legend of Sleepy Hollow; but as the arrival of an actor of real genius from the western hemisphere is a phenomenon that has seldom been witnessed, I will endeavour to give some account of the peculiar charm of Mr. Jefferson's acting. Rip Van Winkle is an easy, careless, good-humoured fellow, with a termentant wife, whom he respects and loves after his fashion, and a little daughter, upon whom he dotes. He is a confirmed and incorrigible drunkard, but he is a charming, engaging, and graceful drunkard, and everybody pities and likes him. He is the special favourite of the children of the village. All who know him love him—even his stern vrow, who pities at the same time that she chastises him. After a drunken frolic, in which his attentions to a pretty girl have been discovered by his wife, he reels home, ashamed, but unrepentant. He is a spoilt child, with all the tenderness, grace, and caressing ways of a spoilt child. His wife forgives, as she has forgiven a hundred times before. At last, discovering that Rip's condition was but an assumption, and fired with the accumulated wrongs of years, Vrow Van Winkle bids her sottish husband quit her house for ever; for the roof which shelters them, their only possession, is her own property, and not her husband's. This passionate command sobers Rip, who is intensely sensitive, and like all drunkards, of a highly-wrought sentimental temperament. Rip takes his wife at her word, bids her an affecting and solemn farewell, sobs over his child, and crosses the threshold of his house to seek refuge in the mountains, where the lightning is less terrible than his wife's fiery looks and the thunder less grating to his ears than her vindictive words. In the mountains he is surrounded by Hendrick Hudson and his goblin crew. His faculties, numbed by his new position, his abandonment of home, and the prospect of having to recommence life with only a kind heart and an old gun as capital to start with, and perhaps by the remains of the fumes of liquor, are not equal to the occasion, and he does not perceive into what exceptional society he has fallen. The ghosts of the famous Dutchman and his crew seem to him but a set of boon companions, who, though dumb, are jolly. They give him drink, and a supernatural intoxication—a strange light, bright, spiritual spell—pervades him. His feet no longer feel the earth—a pleasurable rapture fills him, soul and body, and he sinks into a deep slumber—so deep that, as the reader knows, it lasts twenty years. He wakes, an old, white-headed, white-bearded man—a ragged sort of Lear. He thinks that he has slept but one night; the sound of his voice, once big and manly, but now turned to childlike treble, does not surprise him; his old gun, which crumbles to pieces at his touch, he thinks has been exchanged by a thief. He looks down on the village, which he finds strangely grown since last night. When his stiff, aged limbs reach it the dogs bark at and the children pelt him. His house has vanished. He hears that he himself, Rip Van Winkle, is dead; that all his friends are dead, that his widow is remarried, and that his baby-daughter is a grown-up woman.

The poor old man, thoroughly dazed and bewildered, at last accepts the facts as he hears them. He is not Rip Van Winkle, nor anybody else. He sees his wife, who, believing him to be a beggar, gives him a penny. He finds his daughter, and, urged by parental feeling, tells her who he is. The voice of Nature speaks, and the girl recognises him; and Rip is happy. He sees his daughter about to be forced into a marriage hateful to her; and, roused from his easy, ne'er-do-weel lethargy, asserts himself, is recognised by his wife, and reinstated in his rights as a husband, father, and landowner; for it turns out that half the village is his personal property. Mr. Jefferson's Rip—the drunkard, husband, father, and boon companion—is one of the finest performances ever seen upon our stage. He has an expressive face and bright, dark, far-darting eyes; a light, lissom figure; is extremely elegant and graceful, and possesses equal command over the humorous as the pathetic. He never for a moment condescends to make use of exaggeration or trick. He never makes himself a central figure for others to revolve round, and is entirely unconscious of his audience. His acting flows, and is not the result of hard work and incessant practice. Every gesture and look is harmonious and elegant; his facial expression is almost kaleidoscopic, and yet he never descends to that faddle of Pre-Raphaelitism which some mistake for art. We have a really great actor come among us, and I trust that he will remain. The only fear is that, in the present degraded state of taste in affairs theatrical, Mr. Jefferson may be above the heads of his audience, who, unhappily, have been trained by charlatans into a liking for a sort of entertainment that has no more resemblance to true acting than the worst brandy to the genuine juice of the grape. The other characters in the new drama were well sustained; but they were all slight, with one exception—the Vrow Van Winkle, which was personated by Mrs. Billington with such masterly skill as to call forth the warmest plaudits of her audience, especially in the scene where her love for her husband battled with her furious temper. Mrs. Billington has long been known for an excellent actress; but I am much in error if her performance on Monday last does not make so marked an impression on the London public as to mark a date in her professional career.

Mr. Charles Mathews is about to appear at the VAUDEVILLE, at Paris, in the comedy of "Used Up," which, translated from the French piece, "L'Homme Blasé," is now to be retranslated from the translation.

I find that I have lounged to such an extreme length—a fault for which Mr. Jefferson's genius is entirely accountable—that I must defer further theatrical gossip until next week.

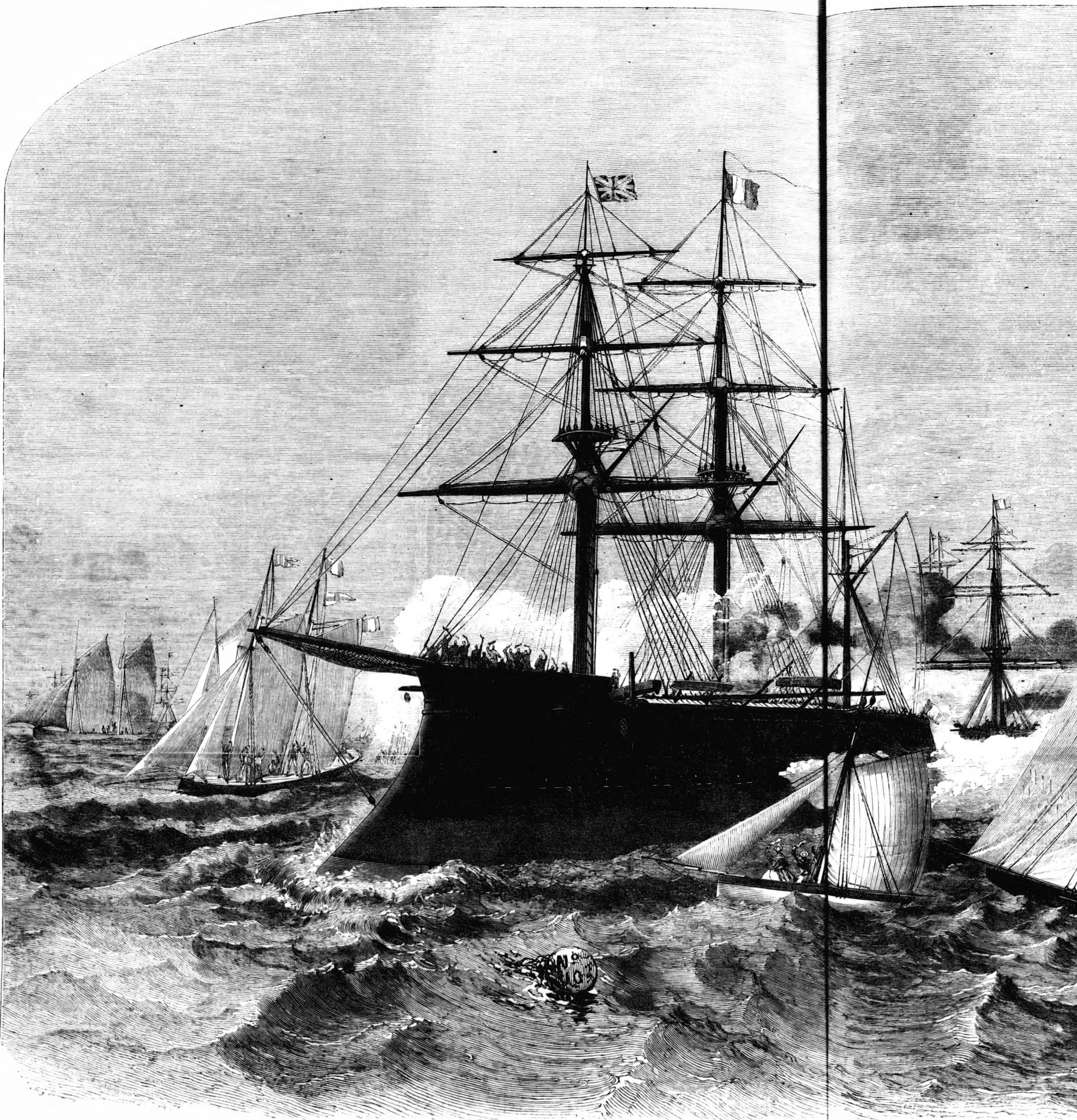
THE NEWSPAPER PRESS IN FINLAND.—The decree which was to give freedom of the press to Finland has at length been published, and is a strange picture of Russian notions of freedom. No newspaper is allowed to appear unless a large sum is deposited by the proprietors as a guarantee, which sum is doubled for newspapers published at Helsingfors and Abo. All offences against the press law are to be punished by heavy contributions, amounting, in certain cases, to 5000 marks. A severe censorship is established for all newspapers published in Finland in a foreign language, and also for all books coming from abroad. Travellers who bring any printed matter with them are bound to give it up to the custom-house authorities; and foreign political papers coming by post are to be first seen by the censor, who is to decide whether they are to be forwarded or confiscated.

THE NEW ITALIAN MINISTER.—M. Natoli, the new Minister of the Interior in Italy, is a Sicilian by birth. He belongs to a noble family and bears the title of Baron. Nevertheless, during his emigration he was so reduced in circumstances that he was compelled to accept a situation as clerk in a merchant's warehouse at Genoa. Having been elected deputy in 1860, he became a Minister some weeks before Count Cavour's death. On his retirement from the Cabinet, soon after that event, he was appointed Prefect of Brescia and raised to the dignity of Senator. He resigned office after the affair of Sernio (a Garibaldian attempt on Venice), which took place in his province in 1852. Last year he was made Minister of Public Instruction, and has been especially distinguished by his active opposition to the clergy. Scarcely a week passed without his closing some ecclesiastical seminary. He was one of the most active opponents of the concessions which might have led to a reconciliation with the Holy See. His nomination, therefore, seems to indicate that the negotiations will not be resumed.

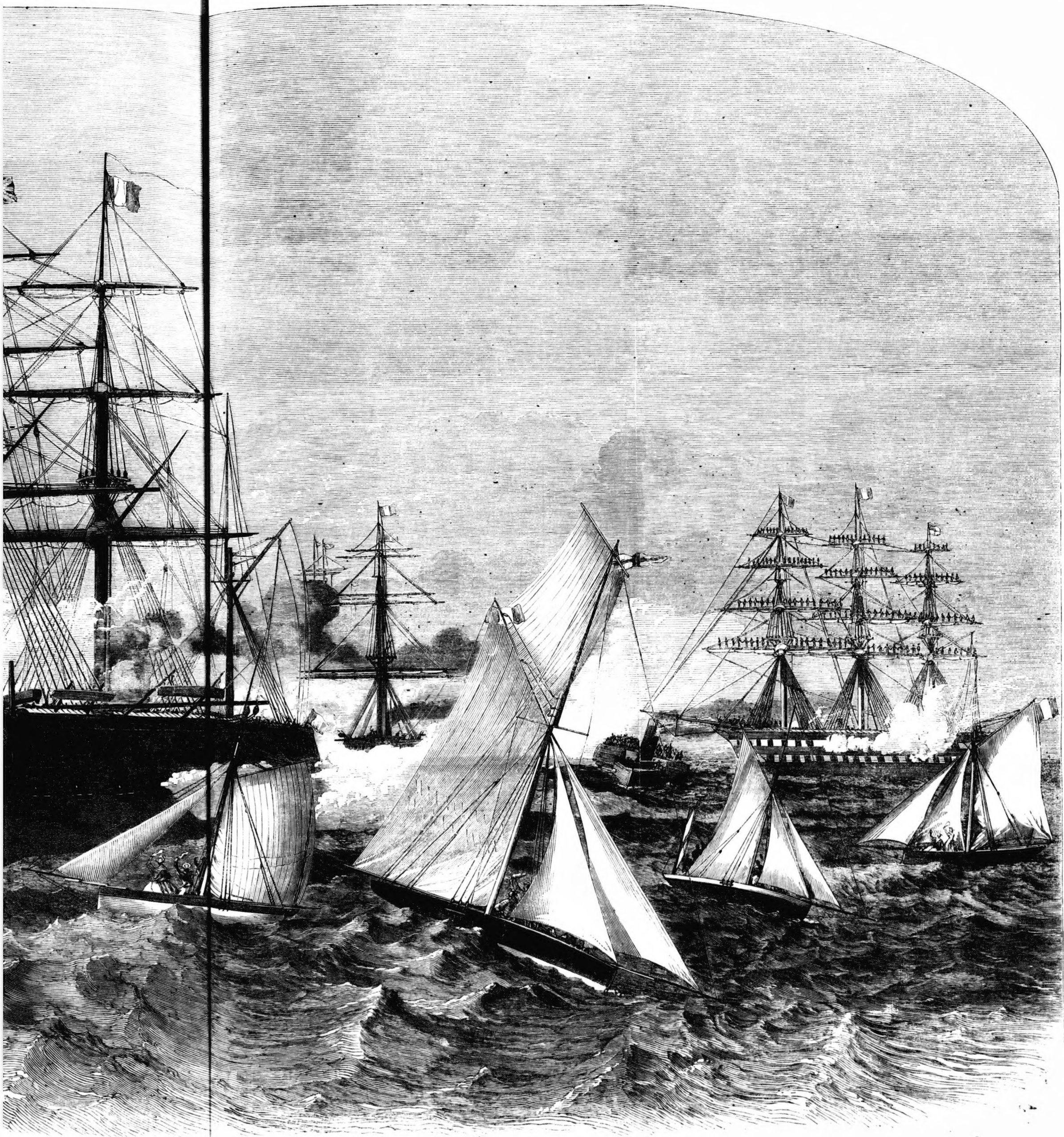
APPLICATION OF ICE TO THE SPINE.—Dr. Chapman publishes a pamphlet to show that in the application of ice to the spine he has found a powerful remedy for cholera and the slightest complaint of diarrhoea. He has only had the chance of trying his theoretic remedy on one case of cholera, and that, though it had all the worst symptoms, was probably a severe case of English rather than genuine Asiatic cholera. However, in that case it proved to be exceedingly effective in subduing all the more dangerous symptoms. On the lesser complaint both he himself and Mr. D. M. Williams, honorary surgeon in the Liverpool Infirmary for Children, have more than once tried it with great effect. One of Mr. Williams's experiments with a child in the infirmary is very remarkable. The remedy is to apply an indiarubber bag full of ice "next to the skin, along the central line of the back, letting it extend from the nape of the neck to the lower part of the hollow of the back." This is kept close to the back and is renewed as long as sickness, cramps, coldness of the skin, and the other symptoms of cholera or any sign of collapse continues. If, as is not unfrequent, feverish symptoms set in after the reaction is produced, he applies warm-water bags, with the water at 110 deg. to 120 deg., to the back to remove it. This is the chief element of his treatment, and, as we said, Dr. Chapman, arriving at his treatment on theory, has found it very successful in the instances in which he has been able to apply it.—*Spectator*.

THE SHAKERS.—The *New York Times* described recently a Sunday morning among the Shakers, a body who take their name from their custom of dancing together in their religious services, shaking and clapping their hands, and singing a monotonous and repeated psalm or song. The sect appears to be a distortion of Puritanism, and an instance of extremes meeting. It was founded in America by one Ann Lee, who went thither from England, towards the close of the last century, with ten of her disciples. More interesting than the peculiarity of their worship is the mode of life of these people. The men and the women, though they dance together on Sundays, live in separate communities, bound to celibacy, and they are stated to be the only class who in America have succeeded in maintaining the community principle through a long series of years. Their time is devoted to work. They are thrifty farmers, their barns full, and their hands hard with honest labour. They supply "the world of mankind," as their phrase is, with excellent butter, fat turkeys, and fine cattle. They have a goodrepute for honesty, but they are careful to have their full amount of money for money's worth. In the season the women make nick-nacks and ornaments for ladies visiting the country, and take pleasure in amusing the young city people who go to see them. Like their meeting-houses, their dwellings are plain, but neat, and kept with scrupulous cleanliness. Their horses and cattle are in excellent condition, and their fields are industriously tilled. The writer of the article from which these statements are taken says that the men look "well kept," but the women he describes as a haggard set, their faces old and wizened, though in their Sunday worship they danced with wonderful agility. On the Sunday of which he speaks, at a meeting-house near Lebanon Springs, there were fifty or sixty women, four fifths of them over forty years of age, and at least three fifths over fifty. There were a few younger women "of pale, attenuated, almost lifeless faces." Their discipline seems to aim at a passionless life. It is stated that they are a declining class. Of course, whatever increase they make is from the world without.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE SIGNS.—A writer in the *Standard*, on the subject of "Curious Signs," gives the following in reference to the county of Northampton:—"Now, Sir, although we have in the county only 1 'Ship,' we have 4 'Admirals,' and not one Sailor; but we have 1 'Trooper,' with a 'Trumpet,' who would willingly try to tame our 2 'Flying Horses.' We have no less than 7 'Angels,' and storytellers say that they have a penchant for our 2 'Blackamoors.' Some go so far as to say that one of them is married privately to our friend 'Daniel Lambert.' There are 8 'Kings,' and 10 'Queen's Heads,' consequent on which deceptions we have no less a number than 25 'Crowns' to divide between the 'Queen Adelaide,' the 'Princess Royal,' the 'Prince Regent,' and 2 'Princes of Wales.' The only 'Publican' we have has got but 2 'Quart Pots,' and he says the 'Recruiting Sergeant' has one of them in constant use. Our 2 'Brewers' have 8 'Waggons' with only 2 'Wheels' to the lot; and, although I have heard it said that we are a shoe-manufacturing people, we have only 2 'Crispins,' who cannot afford to make more than 3 'Boots.' We have a 'Beeswing,' which must have been taken from either of the 2 'Beehives' by one of the 3 'Bees' we keep. Although we have 14 'Hounds' and 18 'Foxes,' there are but 5 'Hares' and 1 'Thicket,' and only 7 'Horses,' and 8 'Greyhounds.' I hear that there are only 9 'Horsewives.' We have only 1 'Milkmaid' to attend 10 'Cows' of different colours, and a 'Friar,' who is a perfect gourmand, having 4 'Shoanders of Mutton' each day. We have 11 'Suns' (one is always 'Rising'), 1 'Moon,' and only 7 'Stars.' I do not include an 'Old Sun,' which is worn out. Our farmers and gardeners have only 17 'Wheatheaves' and 1 'Artichoke' this year. Of the 22 'Swans' only 1 has a 'Helmet,' and we are annoyed by 'Lions' of all colours (1) and ages, which are so peaceably disposed that our 1 poor little pet 'Lamb' frisks about in safety among them. In conclusion, I must add that we have 2 'Reindeer,' in very good health, and seemingly quite acclimatised; but there is a nasty 'Travelling Scotchman' here, at present, who is inclined to take them, as he says he has passed no less than 2 'World's Ends' to catch them."



THE FRENCH FLEET ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.—SEE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES," SEPT. 2,



FLEET ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.—(SEE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES," SEPT. 2, PAGE 131.)

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

At a special meeting of the Court of Common Council, on Tuesday, at which the Lord Mayor presided, the question of the cattle disease was largely discussed from conflicting points of view. The Council voted £1000 to head a subscription list to compensate owners of cattle which might have to be killed, under the Orders in Council, as being affected with the disease.

The Belgian Government has issued a decree prohibiting the importation of cattle by sea or land into Belgium, in order to prevent the spread of the disease which has already appeared in the Netherlands.

The French Minister of Agriculture has addressed a report to the Emperor upon the English cattle plague; and, in consequence of this report, an Imperial decree has been issued absolutely forbidding, firstly, the introduction into or the transit through France of oxen and cows, as well as the fresh hides or other portions of those animals arriving at ports along the coast from Nantes to Dunkirk and across the Northern frontier from the sea to the Rhine; secondly, the introduction or transit of the same animals arriving from England, Belgium, or Holland at any ports or custom houses of the Empire; thirdly, it is ordered that at other ports or custom houses than those specified in Art. 1 animals of the bovine species, not arriving from England, Belgium, or Holland, shall be subjected to an inspection previous to entering the country.

The fine herd of Ayrshire cows at Holly Lodge, Highgate, the property of Miss Burdett Coutts, has been literally swept away by the disease. This herd numbered twenty cows of the purest Ayrshire breed and an Alderney bull. One cow has recovered from the disease; but the bull succumbed among the first.

Intelligence of the spread of the disease continues to be received from all parts of the country. It is even said to have made its appearance at Letterkenny, in the north of Ireland; but it is doubted whether the distemper noticed there is really the prevailing plague, or only pleuro-pneumonia.

Mr. Charles Panter has, at the request of Earl Granville, drawn up a statement relative to the health of the cows on a farm hired by his Lordship at Golden-green, on the Finchley-road. In publishing the statement, Earl Granville says:—

When I left England, a month ago, there were about 130 milch cows in four sheds. In the two largest and best managed I found only one cow yesterday (Sept. 4). His Royal Highness the Duke of Coburg informed me last week that what he believed to be the same disease visited Coburg last year. No one could trace its origin, and no medical treatment was successful. Air and water were their only remedies. Some men had died from eating the meat killed at a particular stage of the disease. His Royal Highness had seen a horse die in four hours, killed by flies which came from the carcass of a cow which had been allowed to remain above ground. The disease disappeared in the autumn as mysteriously as it had come. I understand that Professor Symonds is of opinion that the disease mentioned by the Duke of Coburg is not the same as that from which we are suffering here—that its name is the Siberian pest.

Mr. Panter's statement is dated Sept. 4, and is as follows:—

On the 13th of July I purchased five Dutch cows in the Metropolitan Market, and placed them in quarantine at Child's-hill Farm, one mile from here. On the 22nd of July one of them showed signs of debility; diarrhoea followed. Thinking it was only a cold, she was treated accordingly, but continued to get worse and died in five days. Two more were attacked in a similar way, when veterinary advice was called in, but in five days the whole either died or were slaughtered. Every precaution was used to prevent the spread of infection here; the men who attended the sick cattle were not allowed to go among the healthy ones, and vice versa. But, previous to this, hearing of the disease in the London cowsheds, I adopted precautionary measures, such as a liberal use daily of chloride of lime, administered one ounce of nitre in half a pint of water to each cow, and a small quantity of tar, and painted their noses with tar. But on the 8th of August, unfortunately, the disease showed itself here in a fat cow that had been for ten months in the best built, best drained and ventilated shed. No new stock had been added for nine weeks. In a few hours four more cows showed symptoms of it. I immediately had them all removed and slaughtered, and made a post-mortem examination of them, and found the windpipe in a state of decomposition, the lungs inflated, the small intestines red and inflamed, and the meat of a dark yellow colour outside and dark red inside, which I think unfit for human food after the first stage. The disease confined itself to the above shed of forty-eight cows (which are now all gone) till the 20th of August, when it broke out in another shed of thirty-five cows, some ten yards from the former one, and continued its ravages, taking from two to four cows daily, till they are all gone but two, one of which has not been attacked; the other, which was a bad case, is cured, and partly come to her milk again. On the first symptoms I had her separated from the other stock, and did not treat her for two days, when diarrhoea set in. I then gave her a bottle of brandy and four ounces of ground ginger in three quarts of old ale. She lay in a kind of stupor for twelve hours, when I could see a change in her for the better. I continued to give her daily four quarts of gruel made with old ale and two ounces of ginger. In four days she was sufficiently recovered to eat a little hay, &c., and do without further treatment. In another case the above treatment failed, and the animal died in three days. In other cases I allowed anyone to treat them who thought they had a remedy, both professional men and others. One persevering young veterinary surgeon came up out of Somersetshire and treated two cases most energetically, but failed in both; one died in four and the other in eight days. In other cases tonics, stimulants, blisters, and setons have been tried, but all failed. The whole of the eighty-one cows lost were of the English breed; we have not as yet had any loss out of the other two sheds, consisting of about half English and half Dutch cows, and standing about forty yards from the infected shed. It may be interesting for your Lordship to know that I had the shed at Child's-hill Farm immediately cleansed with disinfectants and washed with hot lime, &c., and bought twelve fresh cows and placed them there on the 16th, which are now in perfect health; and a neighbour situated midway between here and that farm had twenty-three cows lying in a field; the plague took twenty of them, and in three weeks he replaced them with new stock, which are still healthy, he having had them a month. Another neighbour, a mile distant, had a fine herd of seventy-two cows (English) lying in the fields a fortnight ago. The plague broke out among them, and now he has only eight left in health. From my own experience and from all I can learn, I believe the disease is atmospheric, and of a typhoid character. The first symptom in a milking cow is an almost entire loss of milk, then loss of appetite, a watery discharge from the eyes, nostrils, and mouth, which thickens as the disease develops itself; rumination ceases, her ears hang down, her eyes are heavy and sunken, bloody matter is seen in the excrement, great debility is seen, diarrhoea sets in, and death takes place in from three to nine days. I have read of iron water being a preventive of the disease. All the water your cows have drunk comes six miles through rusty iron pipes.

GERMAN REPORT ON THE PLAGUE.

The following report, drawn up by two German veterinary surgeons, of a recent visit to London to examine into the cattle murrain, has been furnished by the agent of the North German Lloyd at Nordenham:—

On Wednesday, the 9th of August, we, the undersigned, were requested to be at Nordenham, if possible, the following morning. Upon our arrival we were asked by the agent of the North German Lloyd, who had consulted with several of the chief cattle exporters, to undertake a voyage to London at once in the steamer Schwan, in the interest of the cattle export from the Weser. The object of our mission was, first, to examine as closely as possible into the epidemic cattle disease raging in and around London for some time past; then carefully to observe the treatment of cattle upon the vessel during the voyage, upon arrival, and at the time of disembarkation; lastly, to use every means in our power to prevent obstacles being opposed to the continued export of cattle from these ports to England. Furnished by the agent of the North German Lloyd with letters of introduction to cattle-dealers in London and with the necessary funds, we left Nordenham in the steamer Schwan, Captain Christensen, at four p.m. on the 10th inst. The vessel carried 347 head of large cattle, two calves, and 260 sheep. Favoured by very fine weather, we arrived in the Thames at two p.m. on the 12th. At the beginning of the voyage the animals were rather uneasy, trampled a good deal, and caused considerable motion in the ship; after a time, however, they became quiet. A sharp, penetrating smell was easily perceptible in the 'twain decks of the ship, which was quickly removed, upon a light breeze springing up, by means of the excellent ventilation and numerous air-pipes and wind-shafts. The animals were several times watered, and it was easy to see how greatly they were refreshed. The hay in the racks, on the other hand, was hardly touched. Upon arriving in the port we were introduced by the captain to the two veterinary surgeons stationed here to inspect the cattle, and witnessed the rapid disembarkation of the cargo, all of which were thoroughly healthy, not one being condemned. The cattle when landed were immediately brought to carts standing in readiness and transported to London, where they are cleansed, and then driven into the adjacent fields. Our next object was to study the murrain prevalent in London as carefully as possible, and to make ourselves acquainted with all its branches and details. By the kindness and indefatigable activity of a firm to whom we were recommended, we were enabled on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday to inspect several animals in various

stages of the disease, and to be present at the dissection of slaughtered and diseased beasts, and a few which had died a natural death. We were so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of Professor Symonds, who was engaged, with a veterinary surgeon and two medical men sent over by the French Government, in a close examination of diseased beasts upon the spot of their seizure, and in dissecting those most violently attacked. After we had been introduced to this gentleman, and had explained the object of our mission, he received us with the utmost readiness, and called our attention to everything of special importance. The technical explanation of the various phases of the disease, and the data of each dissection, would be too lengthy. The undersigned, therefore, content themselves with making a brief report of the appearance of beasts attacked by the disease, and of the chief abnormal appearances visible upon the dissection of such animals. The diseased cattle inspected by us were English milch cows and heifers. They appeared either excited, with staring gaze, protruding eye balls and watery eyes, or depressed and relaxed, with a dull, dim look, and a flow of mucus from the eyes, the eyeballs having rather receded. In all, cold shivering, coldness of the horns, ears, and extremities were apparent, with staring coat, trembling of the muscles, and increased respiration. Foam and viscous mucus and saliva flowed from mouth and nose; the visible mucous membranes were now pale, now typhoid scarlet, and small sores were to be seen upon the internal surface of the lips and on the gums. In more advanced stages of the disease the dung, at first hardish, becomes thin and mixed with gelatine mucus and partly with blood; in some cases large emphysema occurred underneath the skin. The duration of the disease is short, death usually following within twenty-four hours. In all the dissections we undertook we constantly found the principal appearances of disease in the internal organs to coincide—i.e., thin, tarlike slightly coagulable blood; typhoid redness and infiltrations of blood into the third and fourth stomachs, the thin viscera, and partially the rectum, as well as the air-tubes and larynx; looseness and increased size of the intestinal glands, emphysema in the lungs, and echymosis in the left ventricle of the heart. In some cases food was adhering firmly to the sides of the third stomach, as if incorporated with them. From all these symptoms in living diseased beasts, and from the data arrived at by dissection of animals slaughtered on account of being infected, it is apparent that the murrain raging in and around London is a typhoid disease, having very great resemblance to the cattle plague (rinderpest) prevalent in Russia. Attempt to cure the disease is but rarely possible, on account of its rapid progress. Of two diseased cows brought to Professor Symonds at the Veterinary College, one only was alive next day. The treatment adopted had produced some improvement, and we were promised a report of the issue of the case. The opinion of the public and of practical men is at variance, whether the murrain was introduced from abroad or has first developed itself in England. It is, however, generally agreed that the introduction is more probably from Russia than from Germany, the former country being already ravaged by a similar disease in the shape of the rinderpest. The inspectors of cattle and Professor Symonds do not say it was impossible that the disease might have been introduced from Russia, but they are also of opinion that it may well have arisen in the London dairies, in some of which great want of cleanliness prevails. Professor Gamgee, on the other hand, firmly maintains that the disease was imported from abroad. He says in one of the English newspapers:—"This disease could no more have spontaneously developed itself in England than the mud in London streets can turn into living creatures." Although we ourselves did not venture to express any decided opinion upon the question, we did state frankly and confidently that this epidemic disease never could have been introduced from Germany, and most especially not from Oldenburg and Bremen, as no malady of the kind has, thank God, occurred here for many years; and the company of the North German Lloyd has appointed veterinary surgeons to be present upon every occasion of embarking cattle from this district for England, whose duty it is to exercise the strictest care that none but thoroughly healthy cattle are sent on board. It has very greatly astonished us that the English go so carelessly to work with this disease, as it is reported to have already acquired a considerable extent. We could not at all approve the practice of taking diseased beasts into the slaughter-houses, to be there examined and killed, particularly in the neighbourhood of the cattle market, whence many persons go direct into the slaughter-houses, and vice versa. Also the laying-ground, to which much diseased or fallen cattle is brought, lies far too close to the town, especially to the cattle market. Measures, however, are very soon to be taken to remove these evils. It would be highly desirable, as has already been proposed by some of the cattle-dealers, if a separate market were provided for foreign cattle. Imported beasts then would not come at all in contact with English milch kine, and there would be some sort of guarantee that imported cattle not sold at market would remain free from the plague. After doing all in our power to attain the object of our journey, we went back to the port to wait for the Schwan, having first thoroughly cleansed the clothes we had worn during our inspection of the diseased cattle. The Schwan came in shortly after our arrival and disembarked 256 head of large cattle, twelve calves, and 400 sheep, all in good condition. Mr. Phillips, the London agent of the North German Lloyd, was on the spot, together with several reporters from newspapers, who wished to see by personal investigation how and in what condition cattle are brought from the Weser. We re-embarked on the Schwan upon the 19th. The crew were engaged during the voyage in carefully cleansing the ship. The weather was fine, and we arrived safely at Nordenham upon the 21st.

G. T. RIPPEN, Veterinary Surgeon at Seefeld.
H. FASTING, Veterinary Surgeon at Schwey.

FRENCH REPORT ON THE PLAGUE.

M. Boutey, who was sent to this country for the purpose of reporting to the French Government upon the nature of the cattle plague, has published a semi-official statement in the *Gazette des Hospitiaux*. He says:—

The cattle disease which I observed is typhus, which has originated from time immemorial in the steppes of Hungary and Russia; and, although it has been said that this typhus is the result of unfavourable sanitary conditions or of some local miasmatic infection, it may be positively asserted that the disease, in all cases, arises from the districts of which I have spoken, and that it is spread by the animals taken thence to supply the markets of Europe. So, in 1815, this typhus was seen in France, brought by the cattle used for consumption in the Austrian armies. So in London I saw cattle from Podolia and Moldavia, and, in spite of the opinions of the English papers, I persist in believing that the cattle plague was introduced by these animals. At the commencement of the epidemic 300 head of cattle were brought to London; they came from Finland, and were shipped at the port of Revel, were conveyed thence to Hamburg, where they were placed on board English vessels for conveyance to England. Two of these animals were among the forty in the dairy where the epidemic first showed itself in London.

M. Boutey then gives some examples proving the extreme infectiousness of this disease, even without contact; describes the various symptoms, now well known in England, and concludes by pointing out that the only possible method of putting a stop to the epidemic is by the adoption of strict measures for the destruction of the animals attacked, and by the absolute prohibition of the importation of others from infected districts. In 1713, when this system was thoroughly carried out, the duration of this epidemic was short; in 1745, when the Government was less able to carry out such preventive measures, it lasted thirteen years; and, unless such measures can be adopted now, the probability is that the duration of the present epidemic will be longer than that.

DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.—The death of this distinguished Irishman took place at his residence, the Dunsink Observatory, on Saturday last. He was born in Dublin, in the year 1805, so he had just accomplished his sixtieth year. For some time his health had been declining, though he frequently attended the meetings of the Royal Irish Academy, in which he took much interest. As a mathematician, his name was famous over Europe and America. Perhaps in pure mathematics he was unsurpassed by any man of the present age, and by few of any age. He was not exclusively a man of science. His great and comprehensive intellect took a wider range, and included a multifarious knowledge as accurate as it was profound. His astonishing memory scarcely ever forgot what it had once acquired. Had he cultivated poetry he might have attained a distinction as great as he had reached in science. His fame, however, as a mathematician eclipsed his distinction in other departments. In classics he was scarcely less eminent than in science. While a student in Trinity College he obtained a distinction never before conferred since the institution of the University. Though Optics are abundant in the English, they are rarely conferred in the Irish University. Only four, we believe, are on record, and of these Sir William Rowan Hamilton was awarded two—one in science and one in classics. Before he graduated Dr. Brinkley, Professor of Astronomy in Trinity, was promoted to the see of Cloyne, and the vacant professorship was conferred on the young student. His contributions to the scientific societies of Ireland and England were universally acknowledged to be some of the grandest specimens of the higher analysis. In him Ireland has lost one of her most illustrious sons. He was modest, gentle, and unpretending in his manner, like all men of true genius. His death, which was not unexpected, will be regretted by the learned men, not only of his native country, but throughout Europe.

A MAN WENT TO AN INSURANCE OFFICE IN PARIS and insured a quantity of cigars against fire. Some time afterwards he made a claim on the company for compensation, the cigars having been burnt. He admitted that he had smoked them, but claimed that, as they had been destroyed by fire, he was entitled to claim for them. The parties went to law, and a verdict was given for the plaintiff; whereupon the defendants immediately threatened to indict the man for arson, he having set fire to property which he had insured. The scamp was only too glad to let the matter drop.

THE HARVEST AND CROPS.

MR. JAMES SANDERSON, land valuer, of Westminster, who has for many years been in the habit of reporting the results of his observations on the crops, has addressed the following letter to the *Times*, which, in conjunction with that of Mr. Turner, published by us last week, gives as full data for judging of the prospects of the harvest yield as we are likely to obtain from impartial and intelligent observers:—

Sir,—Having during the last five weeks minutely inspected, probably, a larger area under crop throughout the United Kingdom than any other person, I now lay before your readers my opinion, based on many years' experience of testing the field estimate by the barn-floor results, of the farm crops of 1865.

Cutting commenced in East Kent, South Essex, Hertfordshire, in the earlier districts of Norfolk and Suffolk, and in Berkshire on the 24th of July; and fortunate have been those farmers who in the last week of that month secured the grain then cut, as it was from the overpowering sun that prevailed in the best condition. With August came very unsatisfactory harvest weather, heavy rains falling every second day; and, being accompanied with a humid temperature, harvest operations were not only almost daily interrupted, but grain, from discoloration and sprouting, considerably injured. The cereal crops being all ripe, farmers were at a loss whether to cut them in a wet state or to allow them to get over-ripe. The latter evil was doubtless the least; but where crops were laid and twisted from heavy storms, or becoming choked with sown grasses, their only resource was to cut them.

Although a few fields are still to be seen uncut in the south and south-eastern counties of England, yet these are exceptional, and the great bulk of the crops in these counties has been carried. In the midland counties, too, cutting is all but finished, and three fourths of the crops are in the barn-yard. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire three fourths of the crops are cut, and fully one third secured. In the most northern counties of England the greater proportion of the crops are in sheaf; but up to the end of last week scarcely a stock was carried. In Scotland, too, where the farmers, anticipating more favourable weather, delayed cutting, nearly one half of the crops, previous to the present week, were uncut, and, with the exception of a very small area in the earlier counties, little grain had been carried. As the operations of cutting and carrying have been uninterrupted this week, from the extraordinary favourable change in the weather, a very large area of corn has been carried in excellent condition, and with another such week there will be few fields outstanding.

It is worthy of notice that in the upland districts harvest has not been so early since 1826, nor have crops ripened so equally since that year. Indeed, cutting commenced nearly as soon in the Vale of Tweed as on the banks of the Thames; while, from the hot sunshine that prevailed throughout June and July, crops in the upland districts have been as early as those in the lowest. This simultaneous ripening of the crops in the different districts caused, where reaping-machines were not used, a short supply of hands, which, added to the frequent interruption from weather, has made the present a lingering harvest.

All cereal crops have been so variable this season that those in a county or parish can scarcely with accuracy be designated. Indeed, it was not uncommon to witness two adjoining fields on the same farm, the one yielding a good crop and the other almost worthless; or two contiguous farms where the crops of the one were a full average and those of the other light.

The wheat crop first claims attention. In East Kent, South Essex, on the deep soils in Wiltshire, and the strong red soils in Worcestershire and Warwickshire, in Leicestershire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Roxburgh, Berwick, the Lothians, and in the Carse of Stirling, this cereal, in point of bulk, reaches close upon an average. Indeed, on all deep, strong, and alluvial soils the wheat crop has nearly the usual length of straw, and large and closely-set ears, and plump, well-filled grain. Even on the best soils, however, there is a slight deficiency of plants. On the best soils in Surrey, Sussex, and Hants the wheat crop reaches the low average yield of these counties. Barring the rich loams in the north-east of Norfolk, the marl soils, which form a comparatively small area, in Lincoln, the strong and well-formed clays in Northumberland and Yorkshire, this cereal is in these counties decidedly under average. Spring-sown wheat is most deficient, being short in straw and thinly planted. Rust attacked the wheat plant in the second week of August; but, with the exception of wheats on fen land and those late sown in spring, the ravages of this disease have been comparatively limited. Like the quantity, the quality also is very variable. The small breadth early secured is yielding a good bright sample, but the greater proportion carried previous to the present week, being in a soft condition, will be some time before it is fit for market, and even then the grain will be coarse and rough; with the exception of some of the earlier varieties, such as Talavera and Australian, little injury has been caused by sprouting.

Barley—happily termed by Mr. Caird the wine crop of this country—in many instances, is now substituted for wheat; therefore the area under the crop is rapidly increasing. This may partly be ascribed to the comparatively higher price now realised for barley, but chiefly to the fact that, as stock husbandry is becoming more appreciated, and as barley is the best intervening crop between roots and grasses, it is the crop, in the usual rotation, that conduces most to the extension of stock farming. Early-sown barley on deep soils has cut up well, being thick on the ground, and having a long, full, and closely-set ear. In Norfolk—the great barley-producing county, with its varied soils of clay, loam, sand, and gravel—the crop varies as the soils vary. On all the light soils which skirt the eastern coast the crop has suffered greatly from drought, in several instances being burnt totally up. On the loamy soils, which form a considerable area of the county, barley, though far short of last year's crop, is nearly an average. Everywhere, late-sown barleys are deficient, being thinly planted, the extreme drought having prevented the plants from tillering. This cereal has suffered most from weather, all of it being discoloured; while a considerable portion of the earliest cut, in every county, has sustained considerable damage from sprouting, so that maltsters will look in vain for the silvery-tinged samples of last year. Where the practice is carried out, as in the southern counties, of allowing the barley to lie in swathe, and not put in stock when cut, the loss from sprouting and discoloration has been great. Indeed, this mode of allowing grain to lie on the ground, in wet, muggy weather, is the most effectual way to cause sprout.

The oat crop is by far the most deficient of the cereals. Indeed, a bulky crop I have rarely seen. This season the best crops I have witnessed were on the deep soils in Oxfordshire, in South Devon, and in the western counties of Scotland. In Aberdeenshire, one of the largest oat-growing counties, the crop is about one third deficient. Except on early light soils, where the sample is shrivelled and husky, the quality is good, the grain being full and plump; and, on the whole, the oat crop has sustained little injury from weather. As the ears of the grain are large, so the yield will be great, compared with the length of straw.

From the general failure of seeds last year a large area of peas was planted, especially in North Nottinghamshire and on the light soil around Kidderminster. In general this crop is nearly average, and the quality superior.

The bean crop is unequal. On all deep loams, and, indeed, on all deep clays, including those of the oolite and chalk formations, beans are a full average crop; but on lighter soils deficient. In general they are full and closely podded, and are an average crop.

Potatoes are in almost every district and on every variety of soil a most luxuriant crop, and should the disease, of which there are already unmistakable symptoms, not extend, the yield of this root will be very great.

The turnip crop, which supplies the chief winter food for cattle and sheep, is the best soil-restoring crop in a rotation and the best preparation for artificial grasses, and is withal the most profitable farm crop, although the most costly to raise: it has throughout the season held out various prospects. On a large breadth of stiff soils the infant plants were completely destroyed by the turnip fly (*Staltia nemorum*), so that on all such soils resowing was essential. At a more advanced stage the plant was, in many instances, denuded of its leaves by the ravages of the earwig—happily, an unfrequent enemy to root crops—and throughout June a deficiency of moisture greatly retarded its growth on every description of soil. Fortunately, towards the end of the first week in July there was a sufficient amount of rainfall to recover the injured plant, and recent rains, which proved so injurious to cereals, have proved most beneficial to turnips. The latter generally, indeed, are singularly luxuriant; and although there are some failures on the burning soils in the south, and also patchy fields to be seen on the tenacious clays in Yorkshire, Northumberland, Berwickshire, and East Lothian, yet these are exceptional, and in general the turnip crop promises to be a full average. Whenever deep autumn ploughing, and merely surface scarifying in spring, has been carried out, there the turnip crop is most luxuriant. A sufficient degree of moisture and a fine frost-purified soil is thus preserved to ensure a vigorous blade.

Mangolds are a full average crop. Hay cut well up, was well secured, and is of good quality. The aftermath, or second cutting, is unusually good, being in many instances equal to the first crop of last year.

Pastures are singularly abundant, and are carrying an unusual quantity of stock.

Unlike those of last year, grass-seeds are luxuriant, being closely planted and vigorous.

Taking the crops as a whole, and without reference to the great crops of 1863 and 1864, and taking into account the high average reached in recent years by an improved system of husbandry, I estimate the yield of the wheat crop to be twenty-six bushels per acre, or four bushels below average; barley, thirty-two bushels per acre, or eight bushels below average; and oats, thirty-four bushels per acre, and fourteen bushels below average. Peas and beans average, turnips average, mangolds an extraordinary crop, potatoes unusually good, hay average, pastures singularly abundant.

A NAVIGATION TREATY between England and Prussia was signed by Lord Napier and Herr von Bismarck, at Gastein, on the 16th of August.

THE SCHLESWIGERS who are visiting Copenhagen were entertained at a great banquet on Tuesday. No less than 4000 guests were invited. The enthusiasm is reported as very great. During the banquet a congratulatory telegram was received from 1000 inhabitants of Flensburg.

Literature.

Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini. Vol. II. *Critical and Literary.*
Smith, Elder, and Co.

To most people the name of Joseph Mazzini suggests only the idea of a politician; to some, a high-souled, earnest, devoted patriot; to others—perhaps to most—a restless, able, but intriguing and unscrupulous demagogue; but to nearly all, a mere politician. Only by the initiated few is the real character of Mazzini known—namely, that, while naturally an abstract philosopher, circumstances have made him a philosophical politician. He is always governed by one idea, and that idea is Italy, and may be symbolised in three words—Italy, unity, freedom. The popular idea of Mazzini, while unjust in details, is essentially just in substance. He is, in the best sense of the word, a man of one idea; and hence his earnestness and the influence he has exercised over the minds of his countrymen, as well as over the destinies of his country. Had his sympathies been more diffused, he would have been less powerful; had they been more cosmopolitan, he would never have laid the foundation, as he undoubtedly has, of Italian regeneration. But to deem Mazzini a mere intriguing politician—we use the word in its large and not in its low, partisan sense—would be a great mistake. He is a man of almost universal knowledge; philosophy, literature, poetry, science, he is conversant with them all, and on all thinks and writes well, if not always wisely. And yet, as we have said, he is essentially a politician and a patriot; and, above all, an Italian politician and patriot. Whatever he does, whatever he says, has reference to Italy and her fortunes. The trail of the serpent is over all his work—not as disgracing, but as ennobling it; not as covering it with slime, but as lending it a halo and a glory. Does he criticise art, literature, poetry, history, he thinks of Italy, and how the subject in hand bears, or may be made to bear, on her elevation. Does he talk of the politics of other lands, it is in reference to their influence on those of his own. Does he speak of the prophets, the heroes, the leaders of other times, it is to use their example to revive the spirits of his countrymen and raise up among them men equal to the work of the present. That is Joseph Mazzini, as we read him. He has devoted his life to one object—the regeneration and elevation of Italy; and everything in his mind is subordinate to that object, and valued and interesting only in proportion to its power of forwarding the great idea of his life. Whether he has always been wise in the means he has taken to advance his object—whether, indeed, he may not sometimes have retarded rather than advanced the good cause by injudicious action, may be matter of opinion. Whether, too, he may not have fixed his standard of patriotism too high for ordinary humanity, and so have practically hindered progress by aiming at too much—as, for instance, in laying down the doctrine that pure Republicanism is the only form of government capable of promoting the true happiness of a people, and especially of Italians, in their present state of political education—may well be doubted. But these are points which we are not now called upon to discuss. Enough that the one grand idea of unity pervades all his writings; and that, even in this volume of literary and critical essays, he never forgets the great aim of his life, and never permits the thought of his country and her welfare to be absent from his mind. Such a man must ever exercise an important influence on his kind. Earnestness is too rare a quality not to be appreciated where it is found in all its purity, as in Joseph Mazzini; and we can forgive many errors of judgment for the sake of that one great quality. And we are sure that when the great work of perfecting Italian nationality and unity is completed, the share Mazzini has had in it will be universally acknowledged. But that time is not yet; and, in the meanwhile, he must be content to labour on, to wait, and to bear with much obloquy from, and many shortcomings in, the rest of the world.

Were we disposed to be critical over this volume of critical and literary essays, we might take exception to many things it contains. Mazzini is, we think, unjust to others—Victor Hugo and Lamartine, for example—because they are not always up to his conception of what such men ought to aim at and to do. He is always hopeful, always sanguine, always confident of the ultimate triumph of right, or what he deems right, and is a little impatient with those who get weary and occasionally halt by the way. This feeling characterises his essay on the poetry of Hugo especially, and yet the paper exhibits a hearty appreciation of the thought which pervades all the writings of the author of "Autumn Leaves," "The Orientals," "Notre Dame," and "Les Misérables"—that, namely, of vindicating the down-trodden, and rehabilitating those classes who have been the victims of the world's contumely and oppression. He is still more severe on Lamartine, in whose poems he can see little that is good—from his point of view, that is. His great complaints against both are that they do not maintain that even upward and onward course which is so congenial to his own mind; and that they are too analytical, too minute, too pre-Raphaelite in their delineations, and leave nothing to the imagination of the reader, for whom Mazzini claims the right to sing out the poet's songs in his own heart and after his own fashion. His canons of criticism he carries a little too far, perhaps; but in dealing with details he is both just and discriminating. As specimens of Mazzini's style of thinking and writing, we append two passages on Victor Hugo and Lamartine respectively:—

VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo's fault is the fault of saying everything, of saying too much; and this whether he meditates or whether he depicts. Give him a hook of a garden or a wing of an old castle, and he will tell you, of the first, every flower one by one, the trees, the rills, the pubbles; of the second, the roof, the portico, the pediments, the door, the architraves, the caryatides—what more?—the moss, the ivy, the lichen, the bird building its nest, the spider spreading its web there. Give him a thought; he will take and retake, turn and re-turn it, view it under every aspect—from above, from below—separate it into its elements, until he has so thoroughly exhausted it that no one can say, "You have left a part of that thought in obscurity." He explores, he displaces, he isolates, he anatomises; he leaves his subject, if I may be allowed the comparison, like a house after a search-warrant. This is connected with a tendency of which I shall speak by-and-by; but even considering it, for the moment, solely in relation to art, such a course is, in two ways, seriously objectionable. In the first place, it leaves the reader nothing to do. In every powerful poetic impression the vague claims a full quarter; and this vague, which must not be confounded with the obscure, is the soul's own field, its milky way towards the infinite, where it builds the arch of the bridge that should lead to God. Now, the great secret, the great power, of poetry lies in the very act of placing the soul in presence of this vague, of this infinite field, by giving it wings to soar thither. Written poetry, like music performed, should be, in some sort, a prelude to other poetry, which the excited soul of the reader composes silently within itself. In other words, that will ever be the best poetry which renders the reader most poetical; as the best education will ever be, not that which teaches most, but that which imparts the greatest capacity for thought.

Victor Hugo's course does not correspond with these views. By his minute analytic labour he suppresses the vague, the infinite, even the very desire for them; he kills the impression by a surfeit; by dint of defining and materialising he limits and confines; he leaves the reader's faculties torpid, inactive, passive. Nor is this all: in the second place, it often happens that in striving to exhaust an idea he spoils it: he diverts our attention from the whole to the parts, and weakens, by multiplying, his effects.

Who could not gladly cry to the poet—"Hold! you have said enough; leave us to meditate; allow us to sing in our turn within our own souls; you have given us a grand idea; kill it not with the scalpel of analysis!" But Victor Hugo pauses not. He rereads his course; he begins anew; he takes his idea to pieces: he turns time into a workman, digging, cutting, stones, pulling down; he describes his operations day by day; to-day he will "hide little birds in the mouths of the statues"; to-morrow he will "cover up to the neck with foliage a Venus which now stands naked under a beautiful heraldic portico"; the day after to-morrow he will do something else; and, amidst this laboriously minute inspection, we meet with languid, colourless stanzas, prosaic as the water of a gutter after a splendid storm.

LAMARTINE

Assumed the attitude of a religious poet. As such he was evidently accepted, as was Victor Hugo simultaneously, as Chateaubriand had previously been; and here lay, in great part, the secret of his talent and of his force. Was he really a religious poet? No; he was not.

In the first and in the new Meditations there is religious feeling—the disposition to which somebody has given the name of *religionism*—but no religion: the yearning for a belief is not belief. In order to be a religious poet it is not enough—in my eyes, at least—to cry Lord! Lord! to be prostrate before God, and, with the head in the dust, to confess his infinite

power: it is necessary to feel his holy law, and to make others feel it in such sort as that they shall constantly and calmly act in obedience to its precepts. I say calmly, and this calmness of the believer must, above all things, radiate from the poet's brow upon those who listen to his lays, as the spirit of God radiated from the brow of Moses upon the Israelite multitudes wandering mistrustfully through the desert.

For this, indeed, the mission of the religious poet—to console, to strengthen, to guide. The God whom he adores is the God of life and love—that is to say, of works wrought in love—is the God who uplifts, the God who pardons, but on condition that we shall love much, which means that we shall do much; for what is love merely contemplative, love that sacrifices not itself? Wherefore roll the forehead in the dust like an African Sultan? Did he not form that forehead after his own image, that upraised towards heaven, it might adore? Why tremble in every limb, like a criminal before human justice? Has he not said, "I am the good God; purify your hearts, and serve me in joy?" Such is the God of the religious poet. And he, the author of the "Meditations," what is his God? Whom does he adore?

He adores Fear. The God whom he adores is the God of the East, before whose omnipotence he perceives but two possible parts for man—blasphemy or annihilation. Betwixt these two states the poet, as he himself tells us, long oscillated. He strove, by the solitary potency of his soul, to scale heaven like the Titans, to wrest his secret from the Everlasting, and seat himself by his side. Struck by the sight of evil, a prey to the sorrows inseparable from human life, he rebelled; long did he, like the serpent, bite with impotent tooth the rod of iron that crushed him; then, when he saw the fruits of science, sought for its own sake, turn to dust and ashes between his lips; when, exhausted with his efforts, he felt himself vanquished in his individual struggle against evil and sorrow, he sank helpless back into nothingness, he degraded and denied himself. With a sort of frenzy of submission, he took to kissing the rod that struck him (see "Meditations," à la Lord Byron)—he became not the servant, but the slave of a God who will have no slaves. Like Victor Hugo, he has condemned man, science, the whole world, to annihilation; like him, perhaps even more than him, he plunged into that permanent contradiction which blasphemes the creation whilst blessing the Creator.

A Guide to Spain. By H. O'SHEA. Longmans, Green, and Co.

Under so plain and cold a title, Mr. O'Shea has constructed a comprehensive and valuable work. Fortunately for him, Spain is just now "looking up," and he may hope to gain good reward for what must have cost years of hard labour. More than twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Ford's "Gatherings from Spain" (it was then the fashion to write good travels, like "Erichen") and Mr. Murray's "Hand-book" lifted Spain from obscurity and Mr. Ford into a brilliant position. But literature and States may go hand in hand. The literature has been forgotten, and Spain has only appeared when a political match raised a storm, or a Cuban General of advanced tendencies was garrotted. But lately, since the days when Louis Philippe was King, Spain has become more important, and a new Hand-book was wanted. The spreading railroads have created the necessity, and Mr. Murray is somewhat behind time. The new book is carefully arranged, a very large department of "general information" preceding the guide part of the volume. Thus there is a description of Spanish agriculture, and a history of Spanish architecture, with names of important artists, and books on the subject. Still under the head of A, "Arms" forms an interesting chapter, and then follow in due course "Bull-fights," "Climate," &c., down to Z, where there happens to be nothing. The climate is praised as being far superior to that of average Italy, and every traveller is recommended to see a bull-fight. The Guide-book is also alphabetical, from Alcalá to Zaragoza. To attempt a minute description of all the places in detail would probably induce an embarrassing failure, which might lead to a lunatic asylum, and therefore Mr. O'Shea shall remain almost unmolested, and but little liberty shall be taken with his literary property. His writing is good, though he professes not to be a writer; but he might have used a little less Spanish. He seems thoroughly true and earnest in his "Agriculture" and "Architecture," and delicious in his details on "Olives" and "Wines;" but to talk of "prout-bits" in connection with interiors, is taking a liberty. It must be Mr. Prout, the artist, who is subjected to the indignity of a small p. Elsewhere the style is good. Spain is architecturally divided into Gothic and Moorish; both from the Byzantine source; and thus, says Mr. O'Shea, "Cathedrals or stone bibles, mosques or stone korans, stand facing each other, both of Eastern origin," &c.

When people come to England they come to London. When people go to Spain do they go to Madrid? A few lines in Mrs. Browning's "Wazing" induced, for love's sake, a dip into Mr. O'Shea's pages about Madrid. They disappoint. There seems to be nothing in Madrid. Discovering this, the mind gets away into other parts of Spain that used to be familiar: Zaragoza with its maid, or Roncesvalles with its Bernardo del Caspio, to say nothing of places and people belonging to the present century. Still is the guide-book tame. At last the note is struck: it is, "our ancient friend, Don Juan," now, as rumour goes, in a place still warmer than his native Seville—

In Seville he was born—a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women.

Turning to Seville, then, the mind is at once entranced. "Don Quixote" is too universal and well known to make Mancha interesting, and but few people recollect "Lazarillo de Tormes;" and the publishers will not reprint "Gil Blas," the Bishop, and Sanrado. They live only in allusions. But Mozart and Rossini are alive. Look! says Mr. O'Shea, look! there goes Almagro on his prancing horse, gay and dashing, velvet and filigree, sending laughing kisses to Rosina, who pretends not to be looking at him pleasantly, and falls. Rosina is still Rosina, though "she now reads French novels;" and Figaro and Basilio are still Figaro and Basilio, although they may have gotten a trifling advance in life. Then it will be the same to us to be the guest of the Queen of Spain as of Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson. Already the "Non più andrai" is sounding, and the march of the four visible; and it seems only the other day that Lablache was at his old tricks, putting his head again and again between the curtains, giving another and an unsolicited "Jo" long after Jenny Lind and the others had retired.

When people are asking one another where we shall go, and subsiding into some place they know by heart, let them take up Mr. O'Shea's excellent book, and find themselves answered. A trip to Spain will be something fresh. Let us humour the knight, and laugh with Lazarillo once more, and even kiss Rosina, who probably will not much mind, if Figaro is not looking.

The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams: a commonplace Book of Speculations concerning the Mystery of Dreams and Visions; Records of Curious and Well-Authenticated Dreams, and Notes on the Various Modes of Interpretation Adopted in Ancient and Modern Times. By FRANK SEAFIELD, M.A. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Seafield is a wordy writer, but he has produced a book which ordinary students will find answers reasonably to its title, and he is intelligent, fair-minded, and without pretension; so that his volumes can be recommended. Everybody who looks into them will be able to supplement them with stories of his own experience or his own reading, or the experience or reading of his friends; and every man of letters, probably, will miss something which he expected to find. Unfortunately, and very blameably, Mr. Seafield has not indexed the master of his "Commonplace Book," and it is not a book to read right off at a stretch; but, for our own part, we miss, reading it as we may, several things which we should have expected to see. Where is the Vision or Dream of that King of Sweden (we forget his name) who found a wing of his palace unexpectedly lighted up, and saw an execution performed in visionary show there? It is very many years since we read the story; so we cannot be precise; but it struck the writer (then a child) as being one of the most thrilling things he ever read. Where is Shelley? See his "Speculations on Metaphysics," with the foot-note at the end. See, also, the foot-notes to the last few letters he wrote. See, also, the Monk-Lewisian stories told by Mrs. Shelley in the same volume of collected prose. By-the-by, we miss the name of Monk Lewis in the list of authors quoted.

There are plenty of other things which do not catch our eyes. Where is Colonel Garthor or Dr. Doddridge? Where are Coleridge's dreams of agony, in which he used to scream as that the lady-watchers wept at his bedside? Where is the "Pne-

matology" of Jung Stilling, which must surely contain remarkable dreams or visions? Where is Charles Kingsley (see dream of Argemone in "Yeast," with Kingsley's noticeable words about it)? Where is Mickel's dream-poem? Where is Corelli's story of the sonata played to him by a certain very Black Personage in a dream? Where, oh, where, is William Blake?

We cannot pause to call up in order, or even in disorder, our own distant though certain recollections of dream-stories; but as we turn over the pages of Mr. Seafield, we have a vague sense of good things overlooked—things conspicuous by their absence. As to the psychology of dreaming, Mr. Seafield quotes many samples of twaddle, when a few would have sufficed; but there must surely be quotable matter in such writers as Mr. Bain ("The Intellect and the Senses") and Mr. Herbert Spencer?

Our own suggestion to Mr. Seafield would lie in few words. His book is useful and interesting, and will, probably, soon run through an edition. When it has done so, let him reissue the work, with large additions to the dream-stories and great retrenchments of the twaddle. The enormous majority of the opinions he quotes should, we think, be simply abstracted; and a great many, which are merely specimens of the same types, might be wholly omitted. Lastly, Mr. Seafield has gone a great deal too far in rejecting classification, and has committed a positive sin in omitting an index. His "List of Authors" cited is nearly useless. We turn, for example, to Shakespeare, and find "William Shakespeare—'Romeo and Juliet;'" yet the most important thing cited from Shakespeare is Clarence's dream. Besides, the list has no page references.

It seems to us, before we lay down the pen, that there must be something quotable about dreams in Edward Irving, and in Mr. John Garth Wilkinson. And, by-the-by, there is a capital passage in Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" about Genius considered as a dreaming power, which might well find a place in Mr. Seafield's psychological extracts. Edgar Allan Poe must surely contain some readable things for Mr. Seafield's purpose. Is there nothing, too, in Jeremy Taylor?

Tales for the Marines. By WALTER THORNBURY. 2 vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

In glancing through these volumes, two questions naturally suggest themselves—first, why it should be deemed necessary that everybody who has written anything in periodicals of any description should reprint all their contributions? and, second, why should all those reprints be in two volumes? We don't see the necessity for everybody reprinting everything he has written any more than the judge could see the necessity of the thief living; and, certainly, the two-volume rule inflicts upon us a great deal of matter which we could very well do without, and the paper used for printing which had much better have gone to the butterman before it was soiled with printing-ink, for that, assuredly, is its ultimate destination. Here we have from Mr. Walter Thornbury the inevitable two volumes of stories, which originally appeared—most of them, at any rate—in *All the Year Round* and *Chambers's Journal*. Some of these stories are very good in their way; but others have been inserted, we suspect, only to make up the two volumes. Taking into account the old Jack-tar notion of the marines, these stories have got a tolerably accurate titlepage; for many of them—in fact, most—are of a character which no man on the forecastle would believe. Improbability—we had almost written impossibility—is their characteristic feature. Still, some of them are exceedingly amusing; but amusing mainly from their very—suppose purposed—extravagance. But why should the respectable and gallant corps of Marines be continually accredited with an unlimited stock of gullibility? Why should the members of the amphibious service be regarded as wholesale fools? Do they relish it? We don't belong to the Marines, so it is no affair of ours; and we hope that what we are going to say will not provoke a breach of the public peace; but if we did happen to hold a commission in the corps, we should certainly feel inclined to ask the author of these stories what he means by giving the book the title he has done, and especially by writing the very "cheeky" sentence which forms the last paragraph of his preface. There are gallant soldiers and educated gentlemen in the Royal Marines; and why they should thus be specially singled out as representatives of the gullible portion of mankind, is more than we can understand. Let Mr. Walter Thornbury look to it; he is in "a parlous state!"—that is, if the officers of the Royal Marines are as touchy and pugnacious as the officers of some other of her Majesty's regiments.

THE LATE NAVAL FETES AT CHERBOURG.

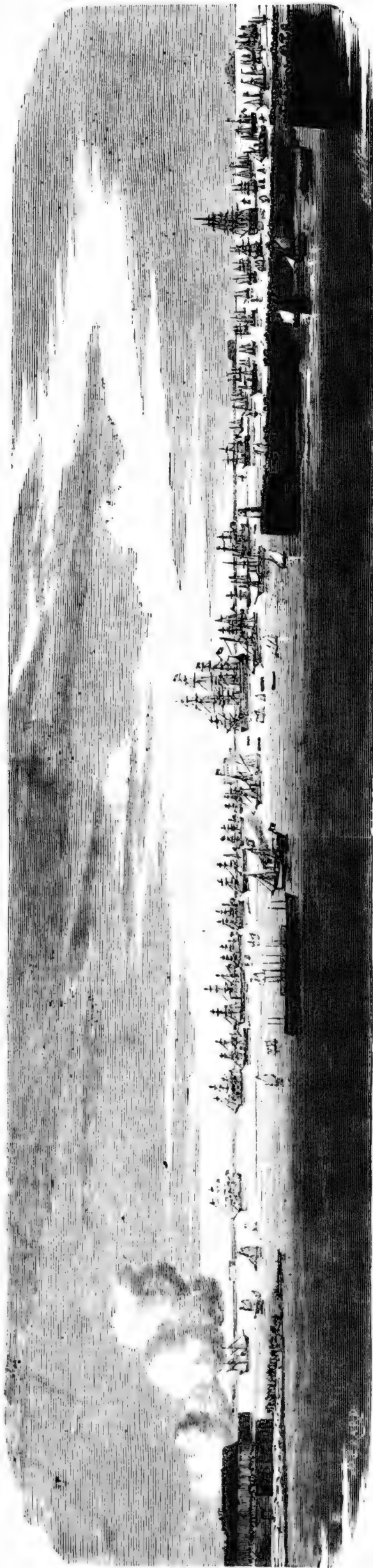
AFTER all that has been said and written of the grand fêtes at Cherbourg, of the balls, and banquets, and regattas, the finest spectacle of all was that which was the occasion of all the rest—the union of the two mighty squadrons in the roadstead, with the foreground of earthworks, and the dim distance where the sea touched the sky. There was something so solemn in the array of these enormous ironclads lying at their berths, that few of those who were present will ever forget the sight. The French fleet waiting for the arrival of the guests was an attraction sufficient to rouse any reasonable amount of enthusiasm, and a host of spectators from all parts of France crowded the heights of the town and the quays on the evening of the 14th ult., when the English squadron was expected. This crowd grew and grew beyond all calculation as fresh excursion-trains came in with new freights of pleasure-seekers, and had reached its utmost limits when the English fleet was seen off the western coast, preceded by the Osborne, with the Lords of the Admiralty on board, which was immediately followed by the Enchantress and the Edgar, the latter returning the salute of nineteen guns, which was given by the Magenta, the vessel bearing the flag of the French Vice-Admiral.

The ships in the roadstead, decorated with flag and pennon, and dressed in holiday attire, were sufficiently indicative of the importance of the occasion, and all the vessels of the English squadron took up their places in stately order, under the direction of a pilot of the harbour, and, in an hour or two, the visits of ceremony were paid from vessel to vessel.

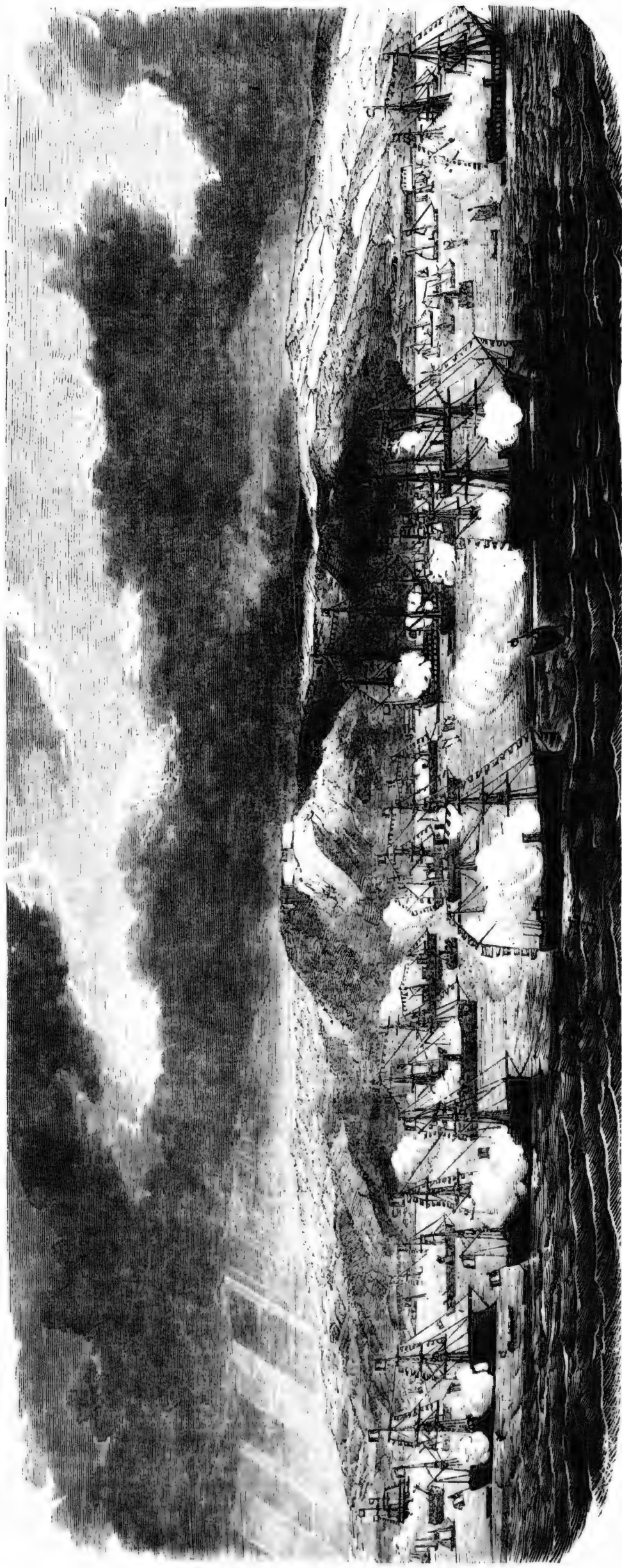
The next day was the fête day of the Emperor, and the brilliant programme which had been determined on was punctually accomplished, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Sailors should not be over particular about a little wet; but that day at Cherbourg was eminently distinguished as "a soaker" by many a sightseer, whose ardour required a good deal of stimulus. And yet there have been few such sights as that which was presented by the spectacle of the allied fleets when the sun broke over the Caerbourg Roads on that 15th of August, and from vessels and land batteries the auspicious day was saluted by a roar of artillery. There was something so solemn both in the sight and sound with which the day was inaugurated that the celebration of the military mass, at which as many of the visitors as could get into the church assisted, seemed to be a fitting completion of the morning's occupations; and when, after the review of the land and sea forces of Cherbourg on the Quai Napoléon, the booming of the guns announced the close of the day, there was a feeling amongst some of the spectators that the brilliant fêtes which were appointed for the evening were entirely apart from the more solemn proceedings by which they were inaugurated. In a few moments a brilliant illumination of houses, streets, quays, and vessels in the port, gave the signal for general excitement, and the real fête commenced, as a lively supplement to the grander spectacle witnessed in the morning.

"RIDING THE STANG."—An attempt was recently made, in Barnsley and neighbouring townships, to revive the old custom of "riding the stang." That is, holding an offending man on to a staff, or a woman into a basket, and carrying them till the victims ransom themselves by paying a fine, "point in" drink. The Barnsley magistrates have awarded six of the chief performers in a penalty of half a crown each, as obstructors of the highway. They would not entertain the question as to whether the custom was contrary or not to Act of Parliament. The most singular part of the affair is, that two constables refused to aid in stopping the procession, they not knowing it was in opposition to any Parliamentary enactment.

THE FRENCH AND BRITISH FLEETS AT CHERBOURG.



VIEW OF THE ROADSTEAD AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH SQUADRON.



SUNRISE IN THE ROADSTEAD, CHERBOURG: VIEW OF THE EARTHWORKS, THE FRENCH FLEET SALUTING.

THE LATE JUDGE HALIBURTON.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON, whose death we announced in our last week's Number, and a Portrait of whom we publish in our present Sheet, was the son of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Haliburton, by Lucy, daughter of Major Grant, and was born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, in 1796. He was educated at King's College, Windsor, studied law, and was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia, and subsequently became a member of the House of Assembly. At a still later period he held the offices of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of his native colony. His first literary performance of note was a series of letters, published in a Nova Scotian newspaper, in 1835, designed to portray the most marked peculiarities of the Yankee character. These letters, which were entitled "Lucubrations of Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," attracted so much attention that they were collected and published in a volume, which had a very large circulation, both in England and in the United States. He came to this country in 1842, and soon after published the result of his observations on British society, in a work entitled "The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England," which, though popular, did not take so well with the public as the author's previous effort had done, probably because the freshness of Mr. Haliburton's peculiar style had worn off, and the distinctive characteristics of the shrewd Yankee trader had become familiar. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. in 1858; and in 1859 he was returned as Member of Parliament for Launceston, on Conservative principles. When Judge Haliburton went into Parliament, it was supposed that the House of Commons had gained a great accession of wit, and that we should have Sam Slick's jokes orally in that assembly. Great was the disappointment when the author of "The Clockmaker" delivered his first speech; and, though he spoke occasionally afterwards, Mr. Haliburton never from that till the day of his retirement made the House laugh, except on one or two occasions, and then his jokes were not at all telling. He was a large, heavy, but feeble-looking man, with a very bad voice. He spoke in weak and hesitating accents, and in a very unconnected strain. You could

hardly hear him, and he made no impression. Still, he looked like a man who could have written such a book as "Sam Slick." Phrenologists would say that he had the bump of wit largely developed, and there was a Cervantic humour about all his features,

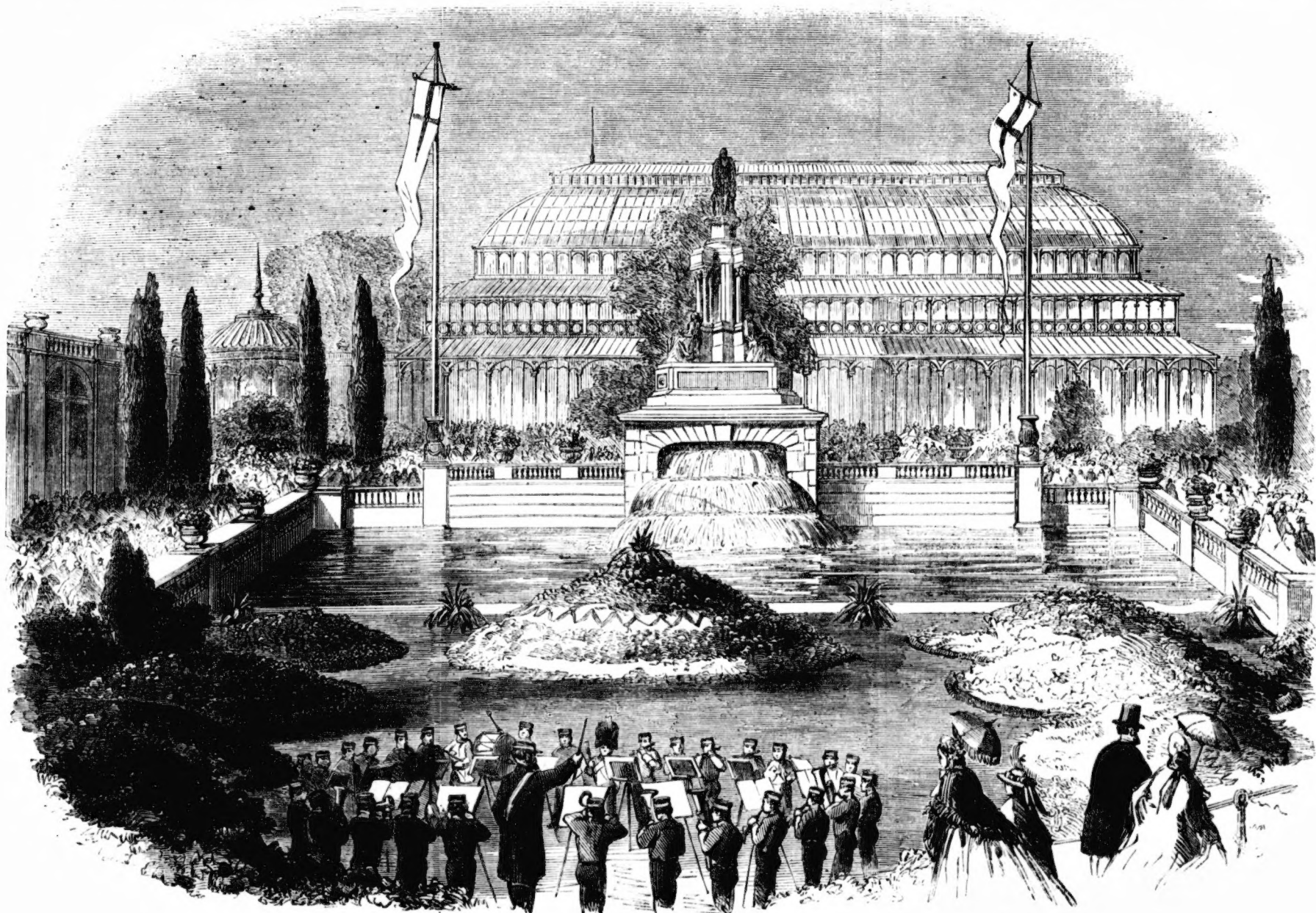
especially his mouth. Mr. Haliburton did not again seek the suffrages of the voters of Launceston at the late election; and, as already announced, he died at his residence, Gordon House, Isleworth, on Sunday, the 27th ult. The following is a list of Judge Haliburton's works:—"Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia;" "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," first, second, and third series; "Bubbles of Canada;" "The Attaché," first and second series; "The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony;" "Letters to Lord Durham;" "The Letter-Bag of the Great Western;" "Nature and Human Nature;" "Wise Saws;" "Rule and Misrule of the English in America," &c. He also edited other works, including one on the subject of "The Settlement of New England." The late Judge Haliburton, though tall and somewhat ungainly in person, was a genial, kindly gentleman; and enjoyed the esteem of all who had occasion to come into contact with him.

SOUTH KENSINGTON GARDENS ON THE PRINCE CONSORT'S BIRTHDAY.

SATURDAY, the 26th ult., being the anniversary of the late Prince Consort's birthday, the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, at South Kensington, were, in accordance with the special provision of her Majesty the Queen, thrown open to the public free of any admission fee. The Queen, who is patron, desired that, as these beautiful gardens were founded by his Royal Highness, the public should be thus admitted on his birthday in *memoriam*. Last year was the first occasion on which this was done, when, the day being exceedingly fine, as many as 153,000 persons availed themselves of the permission; and, although there were from sixty to eighty thousand present at one time, not the slightest wilful injury was done to the flower beds. This was the more creditable, as the people had but a limited space to move about in. This year the weather was again as pleasant as could be wished, and it is computed that 130,000 persons assembled. The gates were opened at ten o'clock, soon after which visitors passed through them, and by eleven o'clock nearly 4000 were in the gardens; by noon upwards of 12,000 had entered. In the afternoon the numbers increased even more rapidly, about 30,000 having entered by the south-east gate alone at four o'clock. The vast majority of the



THE LATE JUDGE HALIBURTON, AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK," ETC.



THE BAND OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL AT THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS ON THE PRINCE CONSORT'S BIRTHDAY.

visitors were artisans with their families, and all present may be described as remarkably well dressed. The roads leading to the gardens looked much the same as in the days of the Exhibition of 1851; the traffic by cab and omnibus was quite extraordinary, a fact which would seem to show that it was not mere freedom of admission which had induced many to attend. Special arrangements had been made by the council for the convenience of the visitors, and, under the direction of Mr. Inspector Gibbs, who had a force of 115 constables on duty in and about the gardens, they were admirably carried out. Last year there was only one complaint to be heard—viz., that the people could not get anything to eat. The contractors who then supplied refreshments calculated on an attendance of 15,000 or 20,000, and their provision, of course, placed 153,000 on a very short allowance indeed—many finding none at all. This year ample provision was made, and the consumption was great. The western arcades were fitted up for the sale of refreshments at published prices, while a portion of the gardens was set apart for those who had brought their own provisions and preferred to lunch *à fresco*. The unseemly sight of thousands of hungry people squatting anywhere and everywhere to dine was thus prevented, and the visitors were enabled to enjoy the music and promenade the gardens without stumbling over broken bottles and scattered remnants of a feast. It was noticeable that a very small percentage had brought refreshments with them. The following bands volunteered their services, and attended at appointed times during the day:—15th London (Scottish) Rifle Volunteers, 29th (North Middlesex) Rifle Volunteers, 1st Middlesex Engineer Volunteers, 1st City of London Rifle Volunteer Brigade, 48th (Havelock) Rifle Volunteers; A, B, G, and H divisions of police; 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards (Blue), and Grenadier Guards. The last-named band, led by Mr. Godfrey, performed in the western band-house during the afternoon, and was loudly applauded by the tens of thousands who listened to it. Another equally favourite band was that of the Duke of York's School, stationed in the east central garden, as shown in our Engraving. The efficiency of the youngsters was frequently cheered. The conservatory, orchid-houses, arcades, and maze were opened; but this year the visitors were not admitted to the galleries of the conservatory or the roofs of the arcades, which appeared to be a great disappointment. The reason given was that the council were afraid the public, in leaning over the balustrades, might topple over some of the huge flower-pots on the heads of those in the gardens. On one of the spring holidays this year some of the pots were thrown down, though, happily, without injuring anyone. The cascades and the large majolica fountain formed a continual source of attraction, as did a very pretty collection of orchids and flowering plants in the conservatory, the Saturday show taking place as usual. In the afternoon Mr. Frank Buckland's interesting fish-hatching apparatus and Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins's beehives were shown, and both excited the liveliest curiosity.

This year the society has adopted the plan of allowing the public to visit the gardens at a very reduced charge during the months of August, September, and October, which probably accounts for the absence of most of the schools that attended last year, as the managers probably prefer paying a small sum that their children may be more at their ease than when there is such a vast crowd present. Hundreds of the visitors, after spending an hour or two in this delightful place, visited the South Kensington Museum, which was also open to the public as usual on Saturdays. A better sample of good temper and obliging courtesy was never shown by any body of people assembled for enjoyment.

SPEECH DAY at Christ Church School will fall on the 21st inst., being St. Matthew's Day.

THE REV. W. ALLEN WHITWORTH, M.A., late scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge (sixteenth wrangler in 1862), and joint editor of the *Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Messenger of Mathematics*, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Queen's College, Liverpool.

THE MURDER OF MAJOR DE VERE.—John Currie, the soldier who stands committed upon the charge of murdering Major De Vere, will, under the order of Mr. Justice Smith, be removed in the course of a few days to Newgate, there to await his trial, which will probably take place on the 20th inst. at the Central Criminal Court.

MR. CARSON AND JUDGE BRAMWELL.—In reply to a letter from a friend, Mr. Carson has written:—"Respected Friend, I have just received thy letter, and may inform thee that I did not appear in court uncovered, as stated in the papers, my hat having been removed and taken away by an officer of the court. It was also stated in the public prints that I addressed the judge as 'my Lord'—also an error, as I could not conscientiously thus address any human being. I much regret that the circumstance has been so incorrectly brought before the public mind; but I am favoured with the feeling of peace from the conviction that I have acted in accordance with my conscience and principles throughout."

AN "ILE" STORY.—An American "ile aristocrat" related the following example of country "cuteness" "down our way" as he termed it:—"The ile fever was at its height, and lots of smart people was pokin' about for 'locat'ion,' specially two Yankee cusses as was always a-hangin' about my friend's locat'ion. Wal, sir, all on a sudden they makes the grand discovery, and that by accidentally tasting a pool o' water. 'Ile, ile!' cries they, and down they goes on their knees to sniff and taste. They couldn't give over tasting, it was so nasty. Arter this they makes tracks to my friend's place, and 'Have you any obsechun to sell this farm?' ses they. 'Nary a one,' ses he, 'if you'll give me my price for it.' Which in course they did five times the vally. 'Now,' ses my friend, when they'd made it all square in writin', 'may I ax why you've paid such a price for this old farm, &c.?' 'Ile,' ses they; 'you poor old critter, we've found ile.' 'Where?' ses he. 'In the water-pool t'other side of the marsh.' 'Guess yer have,' says he, a grinnin' like a 'possum, 'for my lad broke the stable-lamp over it this mornin'.' The way them two Yankees slunked out was a caution."

HAMBURG SHERRY.—This delicious wine is sold wholesale at the rate of 1s. 2½d. a gallon, and has been imported subject to a duty of 2s. 6d. a gallon, less altogether than 4s. a gallon, about 8d. a bottle, wine merchants' measure. The Customs, however, have discovered that the wine is not wine, and that its main component is spirit, so they have charged it with the spirit duty of 14s. a gallon, which will, it is apprehended, stop the supply of this cheap and wholesome drink. What the public loses by this rigour of the Customs House will be seen from the analysis of the Hamburg sherry, which, we learn from a letter in the *Times*, is composed of forty gallons of proof potato spirit, fifty-six gallons of Elbe water, four gallons of capillaire, and ten gallons of sweet grape juice. The stoppage of the supply of this delectable mixture by the imposition of the spirit duty on it will, it is to be apprehended, raise the price of sherry in hotels and refreshment-rooms. The fine Hamburg sherry, which cost the importer 8d. a bottle, could be furnished to the public by the conscientious landlord at the moderate price of 5s. a bottle; but with this source of supply cut off, a profit of 500 or 600 per cent must be abandoned or a substitute found; or, in default of that, a higher price must be put on the rich varieties of sherry we drink at hotels. We are informed that the sherry next above in quality to the choice Hamburg has a basis of cider, not salable as cider, but susceptible of disguise as wine with certain hot accessories. We confess an incredulity as to the cider, which savours of a reality for which no experience has prepared us. Some spoilt light French wines, cheaper than spoilt cider, are, however, well known to be used in the manufacture of sherries in this country. We have all tasted this beverage, which is remarkable for its flatness, relieved with some very ardent spirit. It is supplied to the guest at a first-rate hotel at the moderate price of 6s. a bottle. If you are unreasonable enough to find fault with it, which no one ever did before, you are recommended to try the old East Indian at only 8s. An immense service would be rendered by a chemist who should go the rounds of the country, visiting the first hotels and analysing the wines of each, the result accompanied with a mem. of the price of the article. Whatever the drink may be that is commonly sold as sherry, it seems to us about the same at all the great hotels, and the best, or least bad, sold at 6s. a bottle, is of a quality to be had at 3s. a bottle, or less. The daily press has given elaborate accounts of the new hotels established in London, their distribution of space, their furniture, their living; but why is not something said about their wine? That is really the test. Let us hear of a house where a genuine wine is to be had at a fair price, and all the rest follows as a matter of course. Certain we are that the best speculation for a great hotel would be good wine at a moderate price. It would be a most profitable novelty. As it is, the guest who knows what he is about eschews wine, preferring a glass of bad brandy to mix with water at the price of a shilling, to a pint of bad sherry at the price of three. And yet the booty of a landlord will say his profit is in his wine; and so it would be, if it were wine, instead of that rapid, noxious mixture. There are some exceptions, and they should be brought to light, both for encouragement and example. A mixed commission of chemists and connoisseurs should go the rounds of the hotels and report what they find in their decanters. The landlords should, of course, be apprised of the purpose of the visit; but, even if they were aware of it, there are many who would no more know how to set about getting a few bottles of good wine to pass for the occasion than to discover the elixir of life or the philosopher's stone.—*Examiner*.

BARNET FAIR.

THE lover of quiet who, tempted by the beauty of the adjacent country, has fixed his dwelling-place at Barnet, must at this time, when the fair is held, be in a state of acute mental suffering. His privacy is invaded, his favourite walks rendered unfit for decent people, and his pet views obstructed by a seething, struggling, shrieking crowd, one half of whom ought to be in handcuffs, if there be any truth in physiognomy. An execution mob, divested to some extent of its women—the worst section of the worst class of racecourse frequenters—and a vast host of the muscular, truculent ruffians to be seen at a fourth-rate prize-fight—seem to have been suddenly let loose upon hapless little Barnet.

The long and dusty mile from the Great Northern station to the town was yesterday the scene of countless cruelties, while, from a turning in the road at the foot of the hill up to the town itself, the public highway was prostituted to as vile a crew of thieves, card-sharps, horse-chauvinists, and minor swindlers of every degree as it would be possible to gather out of any capital in Europe. The police—a detachment of the A division has been sent down, and is now aiding the local constabulary—were very active. Many captures were made, and we saw half a dozen thefts prevented through their timely warning; but the evil spirits were congregated in such numbers, and the general air of license was so complete, that police efforts, well-timed and judicious as they were, only partially grappled with the difficulty. Of course there were, over and above the rogues and blacklegs we have instanced, many respectable dealers and well-to-do farmers and tradesmen only wishful for a deal; but the great bulk of the people present bore an unmistakable likeness to the close-cropped heads, wishful faces, and restless eyes to be seen at Portland or in any of her Majesty's gaols.

Looking from the road leading up to Barnet, the scene, both right and left, was sufficiently striking. On one side some thousands of men and horses were noisily asserting their presence, and careering to and fro in what seemed dangerous and inextricable confusion. The most approved process of showing off a horse's points appeared to be for one shouting demon to wrench its neck with all his might, while several others prodded and goaded his sides and from behind. This done, the first man ran amuck through the crowd, hanging on to the halter round the horse's neck. Wild cries, and the waving long sticks like flexible fishing-rods, with coloured flags at their ends, before the horse's eyes, completed the operation. Though evidently borrowed from the matador usages of a Spanish bull-fight, this last device met with warm approval from that portion of the crowd who, treating the whole affair as if it were a savage spectacle got up for their amusement, cheered and clapped hands from the railings, or the grass bank upon which many of them were stretched. Diversions of a similar character were carried on in the main road. Four or five stalwart fellows were at one time torturing a wretched little pony, not larger than a Newfoundland dog. Two held on to and pinched its ears, another so screwed up its tail as to ingeniously inflict the maximum amount of pain, whilst the rest, with stick and fist, by blows, punches, and kicks, drove it first one way and then another, until at length the poor beast fell down exhausted and lay panting in the dust. The whole machinery of punishment was then repeated with renewed vigour, and the prostrate body lifted by tail, or ear, or leg, as seemed best to the human brutes at work. This was no exceptional experience. It was impossible to avoid noticing cases of gross cruelty in every few yards traversed, and as in the course of a couple of hours we counted nine hand-to-hand fights, and saw seven faces besides which were bleeding from recent punishment, it may be inferred that acts of brutality were not inflicted upon dumb animals alone.

Many of the horses were so many living embodiments of the dreadful diagrams seen in books on the veterinary art. Blindness, spavin, atrophy, broken knees, broken wind, had each their representatives; and it demanded no little circumspection, at times, to avoid the painful gyrations and forced friskings of some of these fictionally-stimulated and highly-gingered steeds. The good horses—and there was no lack of variety in the specimens of these—were ranged in great numbers in the fields already described, and were kept comparatively quiet. It was always the wretched creature long overdue in the knacker's yard, and which was being hurried out of its slight remnant of life by its blackguard owner, which made the disturbance, and was subjected to the vile treatment we instance. On the other hand, the cows and oxen shown at this market were uniformly well treated. They took ample room, looked healthy and peaceful; and it was cheering to learn from one of the nine sanitary inspectors appointed by the Crown that no case of disease had been found yesterday. Each of these nine gentlemen was accompanied by three mounted policemen, and rigidly examined every head of cattle brought into the fair. The result, as we have shown, was satisfactory, as far as it went. But, as some dealers were, for reasons of their own, strongly opposed to what they termed "having their stock inspected to death," a supplementary show or market was, we were informed, improvised some distance from Barnet, and over the condition of the cattle shown there the sanitary inspectors accredited to the fair would, of course, have no control.

All the time the horses and cattle were being exhibited and sold another branch of this singular gathering flourished with exceeding vigour. On the other side of the road, and at the foot of a similar grassy declivity to the one leading into the horse market, were ranged the usual paraphernalia of dancing-booths, fat ladies, dwarfs, performing children, strolling melodramatic artists, ginger-bread stalls, swings, and merry-go-rounds. Save that they were a shade lower in character, there was nothing to distinguish those amusements from others of a similar character. The three-card swindle, the pricking the garter, the nefariously-adjusted poise to the portable gambling-table were not more frequently met with than at Ascot or Epsom; and it was only in the unutterable blackguardism of the swearing, jostling, shouting crew patronising them that the speciality of Barnet Fair could be recognised. There was, so far as we saw, nothing organised in their conduct. It was simply a saturnalia of the lowest kind; and though fights were got up every few minutes, there was no collective raid upon the decently-dressed. Pockets were of course picked; and there was one unsuccessful attempt to mob a member of the A division. The latter, however, being a strong man of some 6 ft. 2 in. high, simply shook the ringleader, and sent him sprawling among his fellows by a dextrous insertion of his knuckles into the nape of the neck. The tone of the gathering will be readily estimated, when it is known that a challenge to fight, with the proviso, "If I lick yer, mind, I'm not to be taken up!" followed. But another policeman was now seen to be within hail, and the backers and colleagues of the spokesman yelled out the warning "Hedge, hedge," and the challenger rapidly disappeared, his retreat being effectually covered by his sympathising friends.

One of the scoundrels captured by the police was sent off to London at once—the rule observed with others in the Barnet station-house. He was a powerfully-built man, of about thirty-five, with a ferociously determined cast of countenance, wiry muscular figure, and that painful "at bay" expression about the eye and mouth which brands man or woman as effectually as if the word "dangerous" were suspended on a label from their necks. Promptly handcuffed and guarded on each side by a policeman—a by no means unnecessary precaution; for in such an assemblage an attempt at rescue was not the most improbable thing in the world—this fellow was marched down to the station, shouting out farewell instructions to a man who might have been his double, so strikingly did they resemble each other in demeanour, bearing, and attire. The *fidus Achates* was mounted, and turned hastily, when he had heard all, as if to do his friend's bidding before legal interruption made it impossible. Next came a poor woman upon the scene. Following at the culprit's heels—she was a horse-stealer, for whom the police were on the look out—she caught such words as he was able to jerk to her over his shoulder, and now running, now accelerating her rapid walk into a trot, contrived to keep with the party until they reached the railway. So far the episode was touching, and not without a sparkle of romance. The detected criminal was clung to by his faithful mistress in his hour

of direst need, and the whole affair looked like a testimony to the devoted affection of woman. But the demeanour of the couple when at the station effectually dispelled this theory. She turned what money she had—it was but copper—in her pocket in her ring-less hands, and showed him upbraidingly how small the total was. He jeeringly counselled her to go to some one for aid, to which "Why, he's worse man than you are, and I'll never go near him," was given for answer, with a subdued but energetic bitterness that told its own sad story. The desperate, broken-down, beaten look of the woman, suddenly deprived of the only protector, bad as she declared him to be, she knew; and the callous, dare-devil indifference of the man as he sat picking the nails of his fettered hands, made a picture for an artist. Half an hour was spent thus. Muttered whispers from one to the other, she standing in front of him, and he seated with a policeman on each side, when the train came up; and, with a hasty, sullen farewell, the man entered a carriage, duly guarded, to emerge from it to a gaol, a trial, and probable penal servitude; and the woman turned again towards the fair to ponder—or her expression played her false—upon the hard fate which threw her destitute once more upon the world.

Up to the time of our leaving Barnet the horse galloping, the revels, and the noise proceeded with unabated vigour; and, after making every allowance for the possible good derived from such assemblages as this, the questions still assert themselves:—"Could not the same beneficial end be gained in a less objectionable way? And what can compensate peace-loving, respectable suburban householders for the nuisance and the danger of having the offscourings of our slums and alleys brought together so many times a year, and carted to their very doors?"—*Express of Tuesday*.

DOCKYARDS OF THREE NATIONS.

ENGLAND has nine dockyards—Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, and, in time of war, Deal and Yarmouth. France has six—Cherbourg, Toulon, Brest, L'Orient, Rochefort, and Indret. America has eight. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has an area of sixty-three acres, but nearly five acres must be filled in before the land can be used. The yard is situated on an island, and has a water-front of about 1000 ft.; it has one floating dry dock and three building-slips. Charlestown, near Boston, covers eighty acres of ground, but sixteen acres of this are marsh, and must be filled in. The water-frontage that is of any value is only about 600 ft.; the yard has one stone dry dock and two building-slips. Brooklyn covers a surface of eighty acres of available ground and forty acres of marsh that can be filled in—120 acres in all. There is at present an available water-frontage of 1200 ft., one stone dry dock, and two building-slips. Philadelphia yard has only fifteen acres' surface, and one acre of this must be filled in to be available. The yard has one floating dry dock, two building-slips, and a water-front of about 600 ft. Washington yard has an area of forty-two acres, two acres of which are marsh. There is a useful water frontage of 900 ft., with two building-slips. The yard has no dry dock. Norfolk and Pensacola yards were destroyed by the rebels, and at present no work of any importance is done at either of them; and Mare Island, on the Pacific, is yet unfinished, and is used only as a place of temporary repair. The British dockyards above enumerated contain 1000 acres of ground, fifty building-slips, and thirty-four dry docks; the French Imperial yards cover 1129 acres, and comprise seventy-five building-slips and twenty-six dry docks; the five navy yards of the United States now in use contain only 218 acres, twelve building-slips, and four dry docks. It is easy to refer to the "brilliant record" of the war just past, and to thousands of miles of coast guarded by a navy created in six weeks; but it must be remembered that it consisted almost entirely of merchant-built craft, unsuited to naval service; and, had our enemy been a naval power, they would have been almost worthless. Without the aid of private establishments our Navy would have made a very poor show in our late war. But England and France also, in addition to their immense public works, have the vast resources of their private shipyards, which in one case are as great as our own, and in the other case much greater, to draw upon. The French Government are empowered by law to seize private establishments in time of war, and either work them by their own employees, or else have Government work done by the private owners. England, it has been calculated, could turn out war vessels at the rate of one a day, indefinitely, of all sizes in the proper proportions for a navy. Hard pressed as we have been, we have not turned out one in a week. We want a yard and works for the construction of iron vessels, of which our Government has never built one. We want also a re-arrangement of all our navy yards. They are for the most part badly planned. The Brooklyn yard, with 120 acres all told, has one dry dock, two building-slips, and 1200 ft. of wharf front. Compare it with Deptford, the smallest of British yards, which, with thirty-eight acres' extent, has two dry docks, one of them double, so as to contain two ships at once, five building-slips, and 1700 ft. of wharf. Besides these, it has a wet basin covering more than an acre. The want of our yards is not more space (except at Philadelphia), so much as it is better arrangement, and that they should have at once. . . . England and France are both in trouble about their principal dockyards—Plymouth and Cherbourg. England has planned and begun fortifications for the defence of Plymouth which are to cost 20,000,000 dols. But the yard is situated so near the Channel that our monitor Dictator, or any of the other monitors for that matter, could steam under the shore batteries, calmly receive their shot, and plant her 15-inch shell in the docks, ship-houses, and machine-shops of the yard. Cherbourg is in precisely the same predicament. The harbour is an artificial one, formed by the construction of a breakwater, and is one of the finest pieces of engineering skill in the world. So very fine, in fact, that it cost 40,000,000 dols. to construct all the works at the station. But the officers of the yard frankly acknowledged to our emissary sent over by our Navy Department that a few ironclads could easily destroy the whole place. The French, as a consequence, no longer add to the works of Cherbourg. They bend their efforts to perfecting Brest, Toulon, and Indret. But the English, with John Bull obstinacy, work away at Plymouth all the while, confessing that when it is done it will be unsafe in war.—*New York Times*.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held, on Thursday, at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Captain Sir Edward Perrott, Bart., V.P., in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, a reward of £9 10s. was voted to the crew of the Lowestoft life-boat in connection with the institution for putting off in reply to signals of distress, and assisting, in conjunction with a steam-tug, to save from destruction the brigantine Light of the Harem and her crew of four men. The vessel had struck on Corten Spit during a strong gale of wind and thick weather, on the 15th ult. A reward of £4 10s. was also granted to the crew of the life-boat of the institution at Rosslare, in the county of Wexford, for going off and remaining alongside the barque Providence, of London, which was observed in a very dangerous position near the north end of the Blackwater bank during a strong S.E. wind, on the 24th ult. It was reported that some of the earlier boats of the institution, from various causes, required to be replaced. In so large a fleet as 150 life-boats such must necessarily be expected. Reports were read from the inspector and assistant inspector of life-boats on their recent visit to various stations of the institution on the coasts of Kent, Sussex, and Scotland. It was decided to place a new life-boat at Rosslare, and to appropriate thereto the contributions, amounting to £200, given by a benevolent donor, under the name of "Hibernia," calling the boat, at his request, the St. Patrick. The Suez Canal Company had ordered from Messrs. Forrest and Son a life-boat on its plan, to be stationed at Port Said. It was reported that the Devon and Cornwall Life-boat Bazaar, held at Teignmouth last month, had realised to the institution upwards of £500, and that to Mr. G. P. Rowell, of that town, was chiefly due the credit of carrying it out to so successful a termination. Payments amounting to nearly £1000 were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments, and the proceedings terminated.

A THEATRICAL RIOT AT LYONS.—A Paris letter contains a description of a theatrical row at Lyons—which at one time threatened to assume the dimensions of an *émeute*. M. Raphaël Felix is the director of the Lyons theatre, and in this capacity has, it seems, contrived to make himself very unpopular. The Theatre of the Celestins was opened for the season on the 1st, the performance announced being "Robert le Diable." Not a scene of it could be played, not a note of the music heard, hisses, whistling, and groans filled the entire house; missiles of all kinds were discharged at the actors and orchestra, among which two-sous pieces were particularly effective. Official exhortations to calm were disregarded; the sons were succeeded by the wooden footstools which French women require to be comfortably seated in places of amusement; the orchestra took to flight, their place was invaded, and the stage would have been taken possession of but for the lowering of the iron grating which is provided for such occasions and other accidents. The crowd, having done a good deal of damage in the theatre, then proceeded to M. Felix's dwelling, tore up the pavement in front of it, and smashed his windows. The troops were called out, the Cuirassiers threatened a charge, but an omnibus upset in the narrow street rendered this impossible. On the whole, the troops seem to have behaved with great temper, although it is said that a captain, probably out of his wits with fear, ordered a charge with the bayonet without giving warning, and wounded a boy. The other officers interferred, restrained the soldiers, and this dangerous mistake was rectified. It was early morning before the crowds ceased to parade the streets, but the disturbances seemed to be over. It seems that the head and front of M. Felix's offending was the suppression of the *debuts*, an odious custom in French provincial theatres which entitles the spectators to hiss any actors off the stage during the first night of his or her appearance on a new stage, by which the engagement is considered cancelled.

...they contain nothing noxious, and cannot do harm,

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TICKETS are issued every SATURDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington Terminals to BRIGHTON, Worthing, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Portsmouth, Ryde, Seaford, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, &c. For particulars, see Time-tables of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway.

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NELSON LEE'S GREAT DAY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEPTEMBER.
Excursions Daily.—Firms, Societies, Schools, &c., may learn terms by letter, or personal application, at Secretary's Office, Crystal Palace, S.E.

UNUSUAL ATTRACTIONS NEXT WEEK.
Monday—Nelson Lee's Great Day. Everybody and Everything.
Tuesday—Great French Excursion from Calais.
Wednesday—Great Concert by 4000 Voices of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association.
Monday to Friday, One Shilling.
Every Day—Orchestral Band, Great Organ, and Terrace Fountains.
Fine Arts Courts, Picture Galleries, the extensive Collection of all kinds of Goods, Carriages, &c., the Chimpanzee, and the Thousand and One other Attractions of the Crystal Palace.
Attractions Daily, especially for children, Anglo-French Exhibition; Thomson's Mechanical Animated World, Pulley's Hippodrome, the Steam Carrousel, Skating Hall, Gymnasium; also Archery, Shooting on Lakes, Bowls, Cricket, Croquet, Rifle-Shooting, Roundabouts, Swings, &c.
Anglo-French Exhibition now open.
Nowhere such combined attractions and amusements.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.
ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT.—LAST WEEK BUT TWO.—Mellon, Carlotta Patti, Mlle. Krebs, Sign. Bottezzini, M. Wronski, Mr. Levy, &c. On Monday next, a Verdi night; Thursday next, the second Beethoven night; Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, Miscellaneous nights; Saturday, a Popular and Volante night. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Admission One Shilling.

STODARE.—158TH REPRESENTATION.
THEATRE OF MYSTERY, EGYPTIAN HALL.—Marvels of Magic and Ventrioloquism, by Colonel STODARE.—The Real and the Imaginary, the most wonderful of the Flower Trees, as introduced for the first time in this country, on Easter Monday, April 17, 1865, by Colonel Stodare, and only performed by him and the Indian Magicians, EVERY EVENING at Eight (Saturday included); also on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at Three.—Stalls at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street, and Box-office, Egyptian Hall, Admission, 1s. 6d. and 1s. 2d. only.
—Almost miraculous.—"Vide 'Times,' April 18, 1865.

MDME. LEMMENS-SHERINGTON will
SING "Then Only I Love" (F. Abt.), and "Hark! the goat-bells ringing" (H. Smart), at Weymouth, Sept. 15; at Sherborne, Sept. 16; at Taunton, Sept. 18; at Weston-super-Mare, Sept. 19; at Cardiff, Sept. 20; at Swansea, Sept. 21; at Havertwest, Sept. 22; at Tenby, Sept. 23; at Leicester, Sept. 25; at Nottingham, Sept. 26; at Sheffield, Sept. 27.

THE ONLY I LOVE. Song. (F. Abt.)
2s. 6d. Free for 10 stamps.

HARK! THE GOAT-BELLS RINGING.
Duetting. (H. Smart). 3s. Free for 10 stamps.
London: WARENT CUCKS and CO., New Burlington-street, W. All Mail-orders.

LIZZY'S TARANTELE DE LA MURTE
LE PORTICI ("Mazzinello") as played every night, with immense success, at Mellon's Concerts, by Mlle. Marie Krebs, is published (with a Portrait), price 4s., by
DUNCAN DAVISON, 24, Regent-street.

BAGSTER'S CHURCH SERVICES.
Convenient in form, and durably bound.
At 11 the principal Book sellers; and at 18, Paternoster-row, London.

DALZIEL'S ARABIAN NIGHTS, carefully
revised, imp. 8vo, 840 pp., with 200 Illustrations by Mullins, Tenniel, Watson, Fawcett, Houghton, S. and E. Dalziel engraved by the Brothers Dalziel, color, 15s.; in extra binding, bevelled boards, gilt sides, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Morocco, 3s. 6d.
London: WARD, LOCK, and TYLER, 15, Fleet-street; and 107, Dorset-street, Salisbury-square.

THE STUDENT'S ENGLISH
DICTIONARY, ETYMOLOGICAL, PRONOUNCING, and EXPLANATORY. Prepared especially for the Use of Colleges and Advanced Schools. By JOHN OGLIVIE, LL.D. With about 300 Engravings of Words. London: BLACKIE and SON, 44, Paternoster-row.

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GUIDE-BOOKS and MAPS
to all parts of the World.
The latest and best Editions.
At J. GILBERTS,
18 and 19, Gracechurch-street, E.C.

A LETTER ON FLATULENCE. Addressed
to the Public by a London Physician.—London: DRYAN and SON, Ludgate-hill, E.C.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

PIANOS FOR HIRE.—CARRIAGE-FREE.
By arrangement for three years' purchase, and hire allowed. The largest assortment in London, of every description and price. PEACHEY, Makers, 73, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

PIANOFORTES EXTRAORDINARY.
MOORE and MOORE LET on HIRE the following
PIANOFORTES, for three years, after which, and without any further payment whatever, the pianoforte becomes the property of the hirer.—28 guineas; pianette, 24 guineas per quarter; 38 guineas piccolo, 42 10s. per quarter; 42 guineas drawing-room model cottage, 45 10s. per quarter; 60 guineas semi-detached, 45 5s. per quarter. Moore and Moore always keep on hand a very large stock for selection, and every instrument is warranted perfect, and of the very best construction. Extensive Piano-forte Ware-rooms, 104 and 106, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C. Jury award, International Exhibition, 1862. Honourable Mention for good and cheap Pianos to Moore and Moore.

ORNAMENTS for the MANTELPIECE, &c.
A large and choice selection of Parian, Majolica, Porcelain, Italian Glass, &c. Novelty, beauty, and art. Catalogues free.—ARTHUR GLASSER, Importer of Fancy Goods, 108, High Holborn, and 50 and 52, Borough, London.

PICTURE-FRAMES for the COLOURED
PICTURE given with the "Illustrated London News." Handsome Gilt Frame, Glass and Back, for 3s.; Maple and Gilt, 5s. 2s. the trade only with mouldings and prints of every description, at WRO, REES, 57, Drury-lane, and 34, St. Martin's-lane.

MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL
MEDICINE; or, the Rise and Progress of the British College of Health, London, from 1825 to 1865. See the HYGIEAN LAMARCK for 1865. Price of the medicine, in boxes at 7s. 6d., 14s. 2s. 6d., and family packets, 1s. each. May be had of appointed agents and all medicine vendors. Morison's Pills strike at the root of all complaints.
—Since the year 1825, when James Morison first published the "Hygienic System of Medicine," numerous pills have been put before the public by different parties, who have not scrupled to make copious extracts from his works, in order to foist upon the world their unprincipled imitations; but none of these can for a moment compare with the No. 1 and 2 Pills of the British College of Health.
(Signed) MORISON and CO.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—PETER ROBINSON'S
SILK and DRESSERY WAREHOUSE, for all Coloured Goods, Mantles, Shawls, Dresses, Linens, &c., is at
103 to 108, Oxford-street.
Peter Robinson's MOURNING WAREHOUSE is at
256 to 262, Regent-street.
Patterns of all goods post-free.
See advertisements below.

FOULARD SILKS.—The most desirable
Dress for the present season.
PETER ROBINSON has just purchased up upwards of 3000 of these fashionable dresses at a very large discount from the original price, being the annual clearance of the remaining stock of a French manufacturer. These goods, guaranteed to be of the best quality, have hitherto been sold at £2 10s. 6d.; now offered from £1 3s. 6d. the Full Dress. The Waterproof Silk Foulard is peculiarly adapted for everyday and seaside wear.
Patterns post-free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

FOR WEDDING DRESSES.
PETER ROBINSON invites special attention to this branch of his Silk Department, containing a magnificent collection of Moires Antiques, Satins, Plain and Fancy Silks, of every modern make, produced, to our order, by the most eminent manufacturers in Lyons, expressly for bridal costume.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

CORDED and PLAIN SILKS.
40 New Shades just received to our special order.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
Beautifully bright, Checked, and Striped SILKS, in perfectly new Colours, made expressly to our order, price from £1 15s. 6d. Also a magnificent collection of very rich and new Checked Silks, price £2 10s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. guineas the extra Full Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

WATERPROOF MANTLES for Travelling
and Seaside, in various colours and sizes.
A size, measuring, back 45 in., front, 43 in. .. 21s. 6d.
B size, measuring, back 52 in., front, 50 in. .. 23s. 6d.
C size, measuring, back 58 in., front, 56 in. .. 25s. 6d.
The same sizes and colours, with Sleeves, and with Inverness Capes, at equally low prices.

REAL SEAL-FUR PALETOTS.
30 in. deep, 64 guineas. 32 in. deep, 8 guineas.
34 in. deep, 10 guineas. 36 in. deep, 12 guineas.
38 in. deep, 15 guineas. 40 in. deep, 15 to 18 guineas.

SPECIALY PREPARED FOR THIS MONTH.
LADIES' TRAVELLING SUITS.
Now ready, an unusually large assortment of Ladies' ready-made Costumes (complete), in Plain or Printed Alpaca, Polle de Chèvre, Mexican Cloth, Gingham, &c., from 14s. 9d. to 3 guineas.
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DRAP D'HERBOURG.
A new plain Fabric, in all Colours, 35s. 6d. Full Dress. All Wood Dressing 35s. (new Colours), 35s. to 45s. Full Dress. Rich Figured Poplin (for early Autumn), 25s. 6d. to 3 guineas.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

PARIS CORDED SILK POPELINES.
A most useful and elegant Dress, 35s. to 3 guineas.
The new "Nankin Cloth," in Plain, Checked, Striped, and Chenies, 12s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

REAL ABERDEEN WINEYS,
18s. 9d. to 27s. 6d. Full Dress.
Some very useful qualities from 12s. 6d. to 16s. 6d. Full Dress.
A stock of several thousand pieces for selection.
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FRENCH MERINOES,
in all the New Colours, from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard.
Fancy Shirting Flannels (fast colours), 2s. 3d. to 3s. 9d. per yard.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

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Striped, Plain, or Broché (pure white), 7s. 9d. to 14s. 6d. Full Dress.
Richly-worked White Robes, 18s. 9d. to 24 guineas each.
Tulle and Tulle-trimmed in endless variety.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

REAL SEALSKIN JACKETS.
Hudson's Bay Sale.
SEWELL and CO. invite Ladies' attention to upwards of 500 Sealskins, purchased under most favourable circumstances. These picked choice skins have been made up into the most fashionable shaped Jacks, and will be sold at one third less than the usual price.
Compton House, Old Compton-street and Frith-street Soho-square.

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have the largest Selection of Spitalfields Moires Antiques, in White, Black, and all the new Colours, at 4s. 6d. the Full Dress.
Compton House, Frith-street and Old Compton-street, Soho, W.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!
Patterns post-free.
Black Figured Gros Grains, both sides alike, 3s. 3d. per yard, with 2s. 11d.
Wide-width Striped Silks, New Colours, £1 5s. 6d. the Dress of The New Colours in Fancy Check Silks, at £1 15s. 6d. the Dress of 14 yards, wide width.
These are worthy special attention.
Good wide-width Black Glacés, at 2s. 6d. and 1s. 11d. A lot of Black French Silks, will measure 29 inches wide, 3s. 3d. per yard.
Also, 32 inches, at 3s. 6d., with 4s. 6d. JANE'S SPENCE and CO., Silkmercers, &c., 77 and 78, St. Paul's churchyard, London.
Close on Saturdays at Four o'clock.

FIRST-CLASS CARPETS. Lowest prices.
Patterns can be forwarded into the Country free.
T. VENABLE and SONS, London, E.

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Write for Patterns, post-free.
Shawls, Mantles, Baby-linen, &c.
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Carriage-free to any part of the kingdom.
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FIRST-CLASS IRON BEDSTEADS, &c.
Price-list post-free.
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SANSFLECTUM CRINOLINES,
15s. 6d. and 17s. 6d.
"Wear admirably well."—Court Journal.
ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

ONDINA, or WAVED JUPONS,
13s. 6d. and 18s. 6d.
"The dress de la saison."—The Morning Post.
ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

BOWS, Plaits, Braids, Bands, Wigs, Fronts,
&c., and every other description of Ornamental Hair, all of the first quality, of CURL, Perfection, Broomstick, and Shampooer, 24, Bishopsgate-street Within. Hair-cutting, 6d.

H. WALKER'S PATENT PENELOPE
CROCHET NEEDLES have the word "Penelope" on each handle. A set of four, with the new Patent Union pic Handles, which keep the hooks at all times in their true position for work, for 1s. 6d. H. Walker, Patentee, and Manufacturer to Her Majesty, Alcester, and 47, Graham-street, London.

JNO. RIMMER and SONS' HEMISPHERIC
NEEDLES, in papers of 25, 1 doz., 4 doz., and fancy cases of 100 assorted, best quality. Retail by Messrs. Baker and Crisp, Regent-street; and Messrs. Co. Cranley-terrace, Brompton; Mr. T. Robinson, Jun., Dunchester; Mr. T. M. Williams, Cardiff; Mr. W. Reddington, High Wycombe; Mr. D. Durrant, Shoemans; Mr. W. Addley, Swaffham. Wholesale—Cook, Son, and Co., 22, St. Paul's churchyard, E.C., London.

THE GANTS DUCHESSE.—The most
elegant Glove ever introduced. Two Buttons, Fancy Top, Eyelets, Cords, and Tassels, any colour, 1 guinea half dozen. Sample pair, 4s. stamps.—BAKER and CRISP, Sole Agents, 108, Regent-st.

SERGES, 16s. 9d. FRENCH MERINOS,
1s. 11d.—BAKER and CRISP'S New Serges, French Merinos, Aberdeen Winceys, Mexican Cloths, French Poplins, Wool Plaids, Camlets, &c.; Striped, Checked, Plain, and Fancy Cloths, from 8s. 9d. to 25s. 9d., Full Dress. Patterns sent post-free.
108, Regent-street.

ANNUAL REDUCTIONS.
500 Beautiful Silk Dresses, reduced to 25s. 6d. Full Dress.
500 Figured Silk Dresses, reduced to 35s. 6d. Full Dress.
500 Corded Silk Dresses, reduced to 35s. 6d. Full Dress.
500 Foulard Silk Dresses, reduced to 25s. 6d. Full Dress.
2000 Remnants and Odd Dress Lengths of Silks, reduced 1s. 9d. Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 108, Regent-street.

ANNUAL REDUCTIONS.—USEFUL
EARLY AUTUMN DRESSES, 8s. 9d. Full Dress; Embroidered Muslins, 6s. 6d.; Alpaca Dresses, 7s. 6d.; Balmain Dresses, 7s. 11d.; George Dresses, 8s. 9d.; Print Dresses, 5s. 6d.; Genesine Dresses (Silk), 10s. 9d.; Paul de Chèvre Dresses, 10s. 6d.; Printed Alpaca Dresses, 8s. 9d.; Printed Muslins, Mozambique, Gingham, &c., from 1s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 108, Regent-street.

ANNUAL REDUCTIONS.—BLACK SILKS.
1500 yards of rich Black Glacé, 25s. 6d. Full Dress.
3000 yards of Corded Black Silks, 35s. 6d. Full Dress.
14,000 yards of Gros Grains, &c., 35s. 6d. Full Dress.
Thousands of yards of Chinese Silks, in Colours, at 1s. 4d. per yard. Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 108, Regent-street.

LUDGATE-HILL RAILWAY.
(now opened).
JOHN HARVEY and SON, Ludgate-hill.
SILKS, DRESSES, MANTLES, FAMILY LINENS.

NEW SILKS.—PATTERNS FREE.
New Checked Glacés, 14 Yards, £2 2s.
Patterns of Rich Silks.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, Ludgate-hill.

BLACK FIGURED SILKS.
Patterns free.
A large assortment of New Patterns, £1 5s. 6d. for 14 yards.
Black Glacé (Gros Grain), Black Gros de Sud.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, Ludgate-hill.

FAMILY LINEN DEPARTMENT.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, Ludgate-hill.
Linen and Cotton Shirts, best makes, all widths, Irish and Scotch Table Linen, Napkins, and Slips.
Made and Marked with Crest or Initial, and Warranted for Wear.

PATTERNS OF ALL POST-FREE.
AMOTT and CO. SILKMERCEES, SHAWL, MANTLE, and DRESS MANUFACTURERS, and GENERAL LINEN-DRAPERS, will show, on MONDAY NEXT, the largest, cheapest, and most complete Stock of NEW GOODS ever offered in London. Having placed a large order previous to the great advance, their stock will be found 25 per cent. below previous prices.
CRYSTAL WAREHOUSE, St. Paul's.

NEW AUTUMN SILKS.
Patterns post-free.
1000 New Checked Silks, 1s. 11d. per yard.
Elegant Fancy Silks, 2s. 4d. per yard.
All the new Designs, 2s. 9d. per yard.
Hundreds of New First and Second Quality, 3s. 9d. per yard.
A very large lot of Gros de Sud, 3s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per yard.
All the new Shades in Plaid Glacé, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 9d. per yard.
500 pieces of all the new Modes Antiques, very choice colours, 3 guineas.
£5000 worth of Rich Paris Silks, in every new style, 3s. to 6 guineas.
Patterns post-free.
AMOTT and CO. CRYSTAL WAREHOUSES, 61 and 62, St. Paul's churchyard.

BLACK SILKS EXTRAORDINARY.
Rich, Bright, Wide, and Durable, for One Sovereign.
RICH BLACK 1 OULTE DE SOIES, £1 15s. 6d.
RICH BLACK DRAP DE LYONS, £1 19s. 4d.
HUNDREDS OF MOIRE ANTIQUE, ALL SILK, £1 19s. 4d., worth 4 guineas.
A LOT OF RICH WATERED VERY HANDSOME, 3 guineas; unequalled under £6.
RICH LYONS TAFFETA and BLACK BROCHES, £1 19s. 4d. to 3s. 9d. guineas.
All the New Makes, warranted to wear, Handsome, good, and durable, from 2s. 9d. to 7s. 9d. per yard.
Patterns post-free.
AMOTT and COMPANY, 61 and 62, St. Paul's churchyard.

NEW AUTUMN JACKETS.
Hundreds to choose from, in all the New Materials, 1s. 9d. to 20 guineas.
The New Truxillo Lamb, The Devza Snow Flake, The Corea Lamb, The Bulgari Beaver.
The Rosebud and the Jacket to Match.
Hundreds of the new short Velvet Jacket, 30 to 40 shillings.
AMOTT and COMPANY, CRYSTAL WAREHOUSES, 61 and 62, St. Paul's churchyard.

REBUILDING of 69 and 70, ST. PAUL'S
CHURCHYARD.—ALEXANDER ALLAN and CO., SPIRIT and General Drapers, beg to announce that their Goods are being removed to TEMPORARY PREMISES, at 58, Paul's churchyard (near Cathedral Hotel), where the ENTIRE STOCK will be SOLD OFF, at a great reduction in price, on and after MONDAY NEXT.

BLACK SILKS.—SPECIAL NOTICE.
PETER ROBINSON, of Regent-street, Black Silk Mercery, by Appointment, would invite the special attention of purchasers to the superior make and qualities of his Black Silks and the very reasonable prices at which they are sold.
Good, useful Black Silks, from 35s. to 50s. the Full Dress.
Superior and most admired quality, from 3 to 6 guineas.
Patterns sent on application to
THE COURT and GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 256 to 262, Regent-street, London.

THE NEW REVERSIBLE FABRICS in
BLACK.
(Exactly alike on both sides).
The Royal Worcester Poplin, and The Royal Cashmere.
Ladies requiring a useful Black Dress for the present season are invited to write for Patterns of these New and excellent Materials to PETER ROBINSON'S Mourning Warehouse of Regent-street.

FOR FIRST or DEEP MOURNING.
IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.
Families requiring supplies of First or Deep Mourning will derive the most important advantages by making their purchases at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of Regent-street, the largest and most economical Mourning Warehouse in the Kingdom.

T. SIMPSON and CO'S
Rich Black Lyons Glacé, 1s. 11d. to 6s. 11d. Coloured Velvets, "all pure silk" 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., and 2s. 11d. A large parcel of Black and Coloured Velvets, 2s. 6d., 3s. 11d., and 4s. 11d. T. SIMPSON and CO., General-1 Drapers and Silkmercers, 48, 49, 50, and 53, Farringdon-street, City.

IF YOU TRAVEL send for BUSSEY SMITH
and CO'S Illustrated Catalogue of PORTMANTEAUS, Trunks, Travelling-bags, Field, Marine, and Opera Glasses, unrivalled for excellence and cheapness.—48, New Oxford-street, W.C.

THOMAS'S Patent SEWING-MACHINES,
for Private Family use, Dressmaking, &c. Catalogues and Samples of the Work may be had on application to W. F. Thomas and Co., 95, Newgate-street; and Regent-circus, Oxford-street.

TRAVELLING BATH, STRAP, and LOCK,
12s.; Tin Bonnet Boxes, 4s.; Iron Trunks, 9s.—SIMPSON and SON, Ironmongers, 168 and 187, Tottenham-court-road, Linc. sent.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.
RIMMEL'S TWO-GUINEA DRESSING-BAGS, fitted with 15 superior toilet requisites, and replete with perfume. The Guinea Dressing Case and Roll-up Fouché.—95, Strand; 21, Cornhill; and 128, Regent-street.

OPONAX.—PIESSE and LUBIN'S
NEW PERFUME.—Opopanax is a native flower of Mexico, of rare fragrance. 2s. 6d.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond-st.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
LONDON.—Royal Insurance-buildings, Lombard-street.
LIVERPOOL.—Royal Insurance-buildings, North John-street.

At the ANNUAL MEETING on the 4th inst. the following were some of the leading results disclosed.
FIRE BRANCH.
The Premiums for the year 1864 amounted to .. £406,004
Being an advance over 1863 of .. £54,736
In the last seven years the Premiums have increased by over 130 per cent.

LIFE BRANCH.
The sum assured by New Policies in 1864 was .. £1,014,808
Yielding in New Premiums .. £32,708
The Actuary's Quinquennial Report to the end of 1864, with an Appendix, which can be obtained by the public on application, gives the result of the calculations made to ascertain with precision the amount of the liabilities of the Company under its various engagements.
New Premiums received first five years, ending 1859 £80,225 3 9
New Premiums received first five years, ending 1864 .. £110,819 12 3
The entire accumulation of Funds on the Life Insurance Branch on Dec. 31, 1864 .. £371,049 11 1
Being equal to 63 per cent. of the entire premiums received.
This is sufficient, even though the interest of money should only be 3 per cent, to provide a reversionary Bonus of £2 per cent per annum to be added to the original amount of every Policy entitled to participation.

LONDON.
The new building in London being completed and occupied, it is believed that the Company is now commencing a new epoch in its existence as a London office. Many things combine to show a probably large expansion of our already great business, which will exceed any anticipation which could have reasonably been formed of it some years since.
FENCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary in London.
August, 1865.

MUTUAL LOAN FUND ASSOCIATION
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1850), 14, Russell-street, Covent-garden, LENDS MONEY, on personal or other security, in sums of £20 to £500, to be repaid by instalments, extending over one, two, or three years. The large capital of this Association enables it to complete its transactions without delay. No inquiry or office fees, and strict secrecy observed. Bills discounted, at short notice. Forms sent free, on receipt of a directed stamped envelope. The Association also lends money for the purchase of a house by a tenant, or for the liquidation of mortgages, on terms most advantageous to the borrower.
EDWARD HARPER, Secretary.

SLACKS' SILVER ELECTRO-PLATE
Is as good for wear as real silver.
Table Forks (Fiddle Pattern—Per doz.) 1 10 0 and 1 18 0
Desert ditto 1 0 0 .. 1 10 0
Table Spoons 1 10 0 .. 1 18 0
Desert ditto 1 0 0 .. 1 10 0
Tea Spoons 1 0 0 .. 1 10 0
Catalogues gratis, or post-free. Orders carriage-free per rail.
Richard and John Slack, 336, Strand, London.

GARDNERS' LAMPS
GARDNERS' CHANDELIERS.
GARDNERS' DINNERS SERVICES.
GARDNERS' DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS.
GARDNERS' TABLE GLASS.
GARDNERS' PLATED GOODS.

GARDNERS', 453 and 454, STRAND,
Four Doors from Trafalgar-square.
Illustrated Catalogues post-free.

BATHS.—DEANE'S DOMESTIC BATHS.
The bath department of Deane and Co's warehouse contains an extensive stock of shower-baths, plunging, sponge, and every description of bath for family use. Each article is of the best material and workmanship, and at the lowest possible prices. Patent gas baths, simple, efficient, and economical. Bath-room, fitted complete. Deane and Co's Pamphlet on Baths and Bathing, with engravings, gratis, and post-free.—Deane and Co., 46, King William street, London Bridge. Established A.D. 1700.

ADAM and CO'S DINNER SERVICES,
of stone china, 160 pieces, £2 2s. Several hundred services always on view; table glasses of every description; glass chandeliers, &c. Parties may furnish from the largest stock in London, at a saving of 20 per cent.—87, Oxford-street (near Regent-circus).

A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS.
THE NEWLY-INVENTED POCKET
TIMEPIECE, with handsome gilt case, and an elegant enameled dial, interspersed with gold. Price 1s.; by post, fourteen stamps.—JOSEPH MALPAS, Kidderminster.

A FACT.—An ELEGANT POCKET
TIMEPIECE, warranted to denote correct time, gold appearance, gilt case, &c., including Price One Shilling. Parcelled free to any part for fourteen stamps.
PAUL DANSON, 91, Brunswick-street, Haggerston, London, N.E.

FRY'S SOLUBLE CHOCOLATE.
In Quarter-pound Cakes.
A most convenient article, and superior in quality.
J. S. FRY and SONS, Bristol and London.

FRY'S PEARL COCOA.
In Quarter-pound Packets.
Superior and economical. Observe the name on each label.

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